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SOCIETY

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Lynne Segal on the beast in man; Edward Pearce on Peregrine Worsthorne

Alexander Cockburn: crack troops in Colombia

Township realities: R W Johnson reports from South Africa

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# Pretty poison

Nature is good for us. Its name also nets fat profits for the health industry, whose organic products may have nothing natural about them. Duncan Campbell and Nigel Townson report on a cure that poisons

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# NEW STATESMAN & SOCIETY

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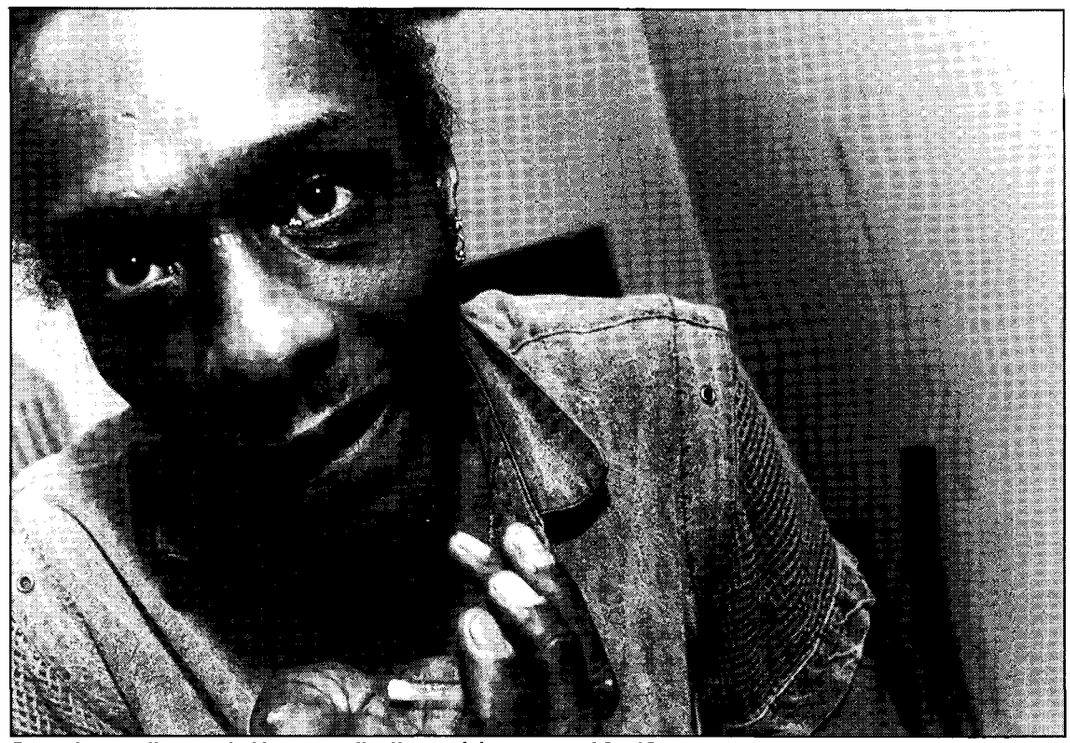

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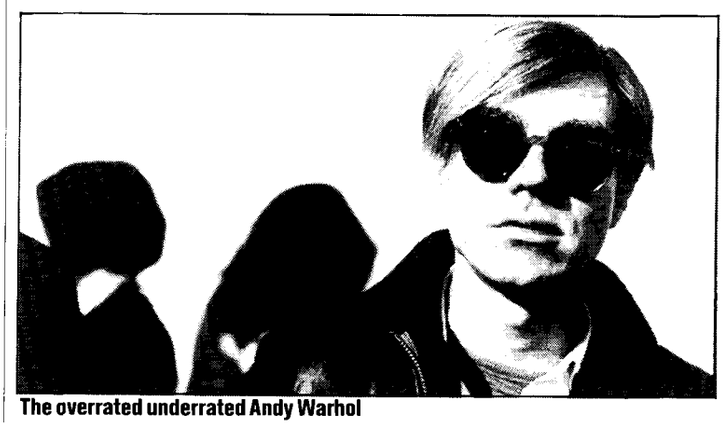

**The overrated underrated Andy Warhol**



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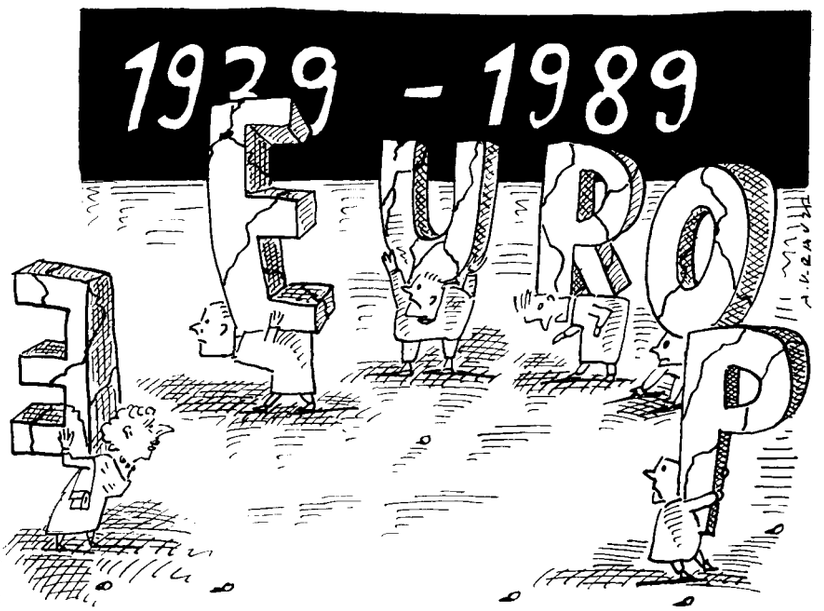
# The finest hour

*Nostalgia about Britain at war serves political ends. And they are not especially glorious*




Andrzej Krauze

It may be true that those who forget history are condemned to repeat it. But the age of the mass media has created a new form of remembering that sometimes makes forgetting seem preferable. The cataract of re-enactments, supplements and exigesis about what the second world war was "really like" seems to tell us very little that is important. Instead, we have been regaled with recollections rather than explanations, recollections that betray an alarming degree of nostalgia. They are also condemned who only replay history.

Britain fell in love with itself in that fatal summer of 1940. The meaning of every story is found in its ending. By declaring that the ending was at hand—the finest hour no less—the long centuries of imperial pillage and the tawdry episode of appeasement were purged from the British soul. The class system was replaced by a civilising mission, undertaken in the spirit of self-defence.

It was a necessary defence. Hitler had to be crushed. But fascism was in part a British creation, its defeat very largely due to Soviet sacrifice and American finance. The war's outcome should have confirmed the mutual defeat of the architects of Munich. It seems that far more people in Britain understood this *then* than they do now. That is why so many voted against Churchill—it was the party, not the man, who was forbidden to return.

With the exception of Bevan, Labour had little nerve for its great domestic opportunity. The party was carried into power in 1945 with a popular mandate for radical change. But Labour's own sense of purpose soon failed and its conventionally minded politicians saw no need to go beyond the guidelines which Lord Beveridge and others had laid down for them in advance. No attempts were made to make a popular politics out of the great mass of legislation which was pushed through parliament, and the achievements were left to speak for themselves. That they have done so for so long, despite all the in-built deficiencies of that settlement, is a remarkable tribute to the postwar spirit of the British people.

Meanwhile, the re-writing of the war began to make it seem that the Battle of Britain saved the continent from its swinish self. (The Battle of Britain ended when Germany switched its air power against Russia.) A pretension of national greatness, reproduced by the myth, may have seemed harmless, but it contributed to keeping this country out of the European Community at its formation and putting it in the forefront of cold-war politics.

This year we have been fed apologies for Neville Chamberlain's having seen that British interests as a world power could not be served by a confrontation with Germany. Even to argue the case is to be drawn into the old role playing and to accept that "we" have a continuity of interest with those who ran the world's largest Empire.

Every massive part-series on the war seems to extend its shadow. The *New Statesman* played a notable role during the war and was the leading advocate of decolonialisation after it. But it's time now to step out of the shadow of 1945 and 1939, into the sunshine and storms—and big storms are coming—of the new Europe, a Europe, we hope, of shared sovereignties. It is a childish regression to replay a time when "they" were pure evil and "we" were pure good, if a bit incompetent: Winnie the Pooh against the nasty magician.

A dangerous regression *still*, that feeds the nationalism Thatcher led so effectively in the Falklands War. And it blinds us to the real developments in Europe. With the notable exception of the *Financial Times*, there has been little really serious advocacy of massive aid to Poland. We are encouraged to congratulate ourselves on having fought for Poland's freedom then; meanwhile it bleeds away as we slap ourselves on the back. And as Poland weakens by the day, or rather the democratic experiment there starves of succour, Chancellor Kohl refuses to recognise the existing border between Germany and Poland. Such madness goes virtually unremarked in a British press, telling its readers about how bad Hitler was—and sometimes admitting that it didn't pay enough attention to Germany in the 1930s.

The German question is gradually moving to the centre of Europe. There, too, there is a strong regressive element as reunification feeds the German right's belief in its own people. The whole project of west European unification will be threatened by breakdown in the east. Those who think like Enoch Powell, among whom some number the Prime Minister, may delight in the re-emergence of a Europe of sovereignties. For them the election is now being prepared by the nostalgia industry.



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# Our future

**The board of the New Statesman & Society is looking for investors to secure the magazine's long-term future. Since the merger in 1988, the magazine has been a great success editorially and circulation has risen to nearly 40,000. Advertising revenue has also risen substantially..**

**We have launched a new politics of radical democracy and citizenship and established Charter 88 to campaign separately for democratic renewal in the United Kingdom. We are now forging a new cultural agenda to complement the political one. Through these initiatives, a rich and diverse group of people have become associated with the magazine, as Charter signatories or contributors, and often both: Anthony Barnett, Angela Carter, Stuart Hall, Helena Kennedy, Hanif Kureishi, Ian McEwan, David Marquand, Tom Nairn, Harold Pinter, David Puttnam, Salman Rushdie and Lord Scarman are among them.**

**To build on this success—and to make the magazine *the* European magazine of the left, our long-term aim—we need a substantial capital injection. The directors have asked Douglas Llambias, chairman of the Business Exchange Group, to seek backers who are sympathetic to the character and aims of the magazine.**

**You, our readers, are one of our most important resources: we are confident of your support and we will keep you fully informed.**

# The good Prince

"I intend to train myself to be a good and useful man." This isn't this week's quote from Prince Charles, a man who has found a role in life at the age of 40, but belongs to a 19th century ancestor, Prince Albert. He too took himself seriously. He died at the age of 42, an unpopular man, accused of neglecting his wife and children for arts commissions, horticultural societies and labourers' dwellings. Albert misunderstood the role of the monarchy. He failed to appreciate that it had, by then, become largely symbolic. Prince Charles is in danger of making the same mistake.

Charles is a good prince and wants his subjects to be good citizens. He has called for the establishment of a community "army" to put right "the damage done to the sense of community within society by a social philosophy too narrowly based on individualism". He has filled a moral vacuum vacated by the Conservative Party. He has been seen in Spitalfields. He wants his community army to give people of different backgrounds a common experience. He is busy recreating a consensus.

Should he be allowed to do so? Labour MP David Blunkett has supported his scheme: "It's built on an acceptance of our obligation to others." While the Prince consults the Labour Party, while David Blunkett is called in to support his plans and while he is seen as anti-Thatcherite his actions go uncriticised on the left. But not only do his schemes incorporate unprogressive elements, royal patronage of this kind is wholly unprogressive too. While we sympathise with the Prince's own need to find a role, it's not a hereditary challenge to Granthamism that the British public needs, but the democratic rights and opportunities which will allow them to make this and future governments truly accountable. And that in turn means a written constitution which makes the role of royalty symbolic only. But there's no reason why Prince Charles shouldn't have the right to vote, like the rest of us.

# Rough trade

What do doctors and dockers have in common? They are both elements of "Thatcher-hating organised labour" according to the *Sunday Times*. Pillars of the establishment are rarely subject to union-bashing, replete with the usual clichés. But the latest stage of the BMA's campaign against the NHS reforms had the paper leaping to defend the health secretary.

It described the poster which asked "What do you call a man who ignores medical advice?—Kenneth Clarke", as "pure poison", claiming that Goebbels would have been proud of it. In fact, we have the Prime Minister herself, and her sidekicks at Saatchi and Saatchi, to thank for tactics that reduce sensitive political issues to crude advertising slogans. And while the minister insists on bulldozing the reforms through against the wishes of public and profession, he can expect the hard knocks to continue.

The *Sunday Times* is indignant at the doctors' alleged loss of "ethical integrity", while recommending that Kenneth Clarke should buy off the troublesome general practitioners. He also wants to seduce "the top of the profession" in research and consultancy, who should shun "this unseemly punch up that the rough end of the trade engages in."

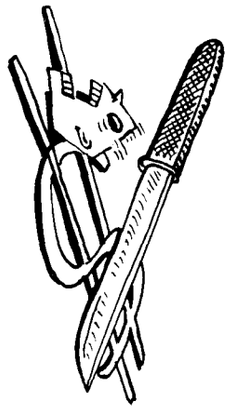
However, Clarke's attempts to exploit divisions within the BMA are unlikely to succeed. It is not the bastion of elitism which it was in Aneurin Bevan's day, and active participation by 75 per cent of practising doctors has generated this spirited defence of the NHS. Since the 1940s the association has remodelled itself into a scrupulously democratic organisation, in keeping with Thatcherite rhetoric and the union reforms of the past decade. The government must now accept the taste of its own medicine.

# The empire's revenge

Fifty years ago, the hastily drawn war maps reprinted in this week's anniversary supplements showed two sets of thick arrows converging on eastern Europe. Today, those arrows point outwards. Instead of a carve-up by German and Soviet forces, they show one exodus after another. East Germans, Poles and Bulgarian Turks abandon their strangled or bankrupt homelands. Inside the Soviet borders, the nationalities withdraw into fierce memories of freedom and shake a fist at Moscow.

Empires always end in disarray. The *glasnost*-inspired break-up of the Warsaw Pact as a political monolith, and the fission of the Soviet republics, will be messy and prolonged. It calls for a subtler western response than the graveside glee that delights in the misfortunes of a rival bloc. NATO Europe has no cause to lecture an embattled Gorbachev on regional autonomy. From Scotland down to Sicily, our half of the continent is littered with old claims of right, still unsettled.

We can boast few models of prosperous, enlightened nationalism to hold up to the Latvians, Moldavians and the rest. One shining exception is Catalonia, the self-governing spearhead of Spanish progress since the death of Franco. Its example suggests that if a small nation craves self-rule, it should stuff itself with advanced industry and pick a prime spot on the trade map of Europe. Ten years hence, the remains of the former Soviet imperium will have its Barcelonas—and its Belfasts. Under tyranny, all subject peoples look roughly alike. Lift the lid, and some will use their gifts to grow much more equal than others.



**Does it matter that only idiots and time-servers get on in American politics? Now it does. Out of the $7.86 billion to be spent in George Bush's "war on drugs", a tenth will come from money cut from housing and other social programmes. So the conditions that push kids towards crack will worsen, by order of the President. Next time Americans vote, they should Just Say No to half-wits.**



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# LETTERS

## News on Four

There are occasions when journalists get things so wrong that they almost disarm any response and, for a while that was my reaction to Marta Wohrle's piece in your Edinburgh Television Preview ("The 4th dimension", 25 August) on the current state of Channel Four. However, second thoughts have prevailed not simply because, in the natural order of things, wrongs demand to be righted, but because the fine work that is done by so many independent producers under my auspices deserves no less.

Ms Wohrle's thesis is that Channel Four's output is becoming "bland" and the main focus of her attack appears to be the channel's journalism since, as evidence, she cites the disappearance of programmes such as *Union World, 20/20 Vision* and *The Friday Alternative*. "New ideas and proposals are not being commissioned," she declares.

The facts could not be more at odds with such a facile assessment. Since I arrived at Channel Four some three years ago I have brought the following, wholly new programmes on to the air: *Dispatches, The World This Week, Hard News, Court Report, Scottish Eye, The Parliament Programme,* a number of series such as Hugo Young's *The Thatcher Factor,* Olivia O'Leary's *Next Left,* a new studio debate format, the many component parts of the Channel Four Daily and a wide variety of "one-off" specials.

With increased broadcast hours the News and Current Affairs output has more than doubled during this period. The number of distinct commissions awarded in any year, in single figures three years ago, has now risen to more than 70 with more than 50 separate companies participating.

Could this output—by any stretch of the imagination—be described as bland or univocal? Not a bit of it. The distinctive and original voices contained in any edition of *The World This Week* or *Scottish Eye* can give the lie to that. Or lacking in journalistic courage or commitment? Try telling that to the average *Dispatches* producer, whether it be Vanya Kewley reporting clandestinely from Tibet or Hilary Lawson investigating the government's abuse of statistics.

The axiom that underpins my commissioning policy is to deliver journalism that is vigorous, original, inquisitive, authoritative and that can speak in many different voices and formats. I am very proud of what we have achieved to date. In the process we have built, and will continue to build, a major countervailing force to the BBC's bigger budgets and bigger battalions.

Other commissioning editors at Channel Four can, of course, speak for their own output in no less robust a fashion but many of us must be tempted to enquire, rhetorically perhaps, how woeful a piece of writing must be in order to arrive on the *NSS's* "spike".

*David Lloyd*
*Senior commissioning editor*
*News and Current Affairs*
*Channel Four Television*
*London W1*

## Trusting Labour

I have just seen Patricia Hewitt's piece on trusting Labour ("Positive thinking", 4 August). It is hard to know whether this was intended to be taken seriously or whether as heavy sarcasm. Apart from Kinnock's patent intellectual inadequacy and inability to refrain from mind-numbing verbosity, a party which can renege on fundamental questions of principle so blatantly and confessedly because of a perceived electoral disadvantage of holding to such principles, is hardly one which inspires feelings of trust. Moreover, if one looks at Labour's record when they have been in office one sees that they have always been a party of militarists, ever since they rejected Keir Hardy in the first world war. The weapon systems which have engaged peace movement protests in the past ten years were initiated not by Thatcher but by Labour. And even now, Kinnock thinks it is popular to be seen riding round in a tank.

On economic questions Labour has weakly capitulated too by embracing the legitimacy of "Market Forces". This expression is simply an innocuous sounding term for what is produced by the combination of the vectors of human greed, ignorance and stupidity. If one accepts the rule of market forces, one accepts the acceleration of the wrecking of the earth. Confidence and trust are the least likely of my feelings about the Labour Party.

*Howard Cheney*
*Shipton on Stour*
*Warwickshire*

## Dental dilemma

Sean French's remarks (Diary, 25 August) concerning dental treatment under the National Health Service are wide of the mark—and I speak as a practising dentist. The majority of dental patients in the UK are treated under health service arrangements. Where clinically appropriate they will be given the choice of root treatment(s) under the NHS. This is borne out by Dental Practice Board statistics.

Of course, if Sean French will opt for private dentistry in Harley Street that is his business. It does not, however, entitle him to make ill-judged remarks on NHS dentistry.

*E A Kirby*
*Crawley*
*Sussex*

## Travelling rights

A pensioner's bus pass is a valuable reward for surviving to retirement age, not a form of charity for the elderly and infirm. Paid for by councils, it is a modest return on a lifetime's payment of rates and taxes. So I welcome Colin Ward's ("Fringe benefits", 18 August) enthusiasm for the opportunities it now provides him of cheaper travel and greater mobility, although it would appear that the London boroughs are rather more generous than his council and they include the underground as well. But for how long?

London pensioners should not rejoice too much. Some boroughs, squeezed of funds by central government and desperate to balance their books, are considering withdrawing from the scheme. This could lead to a much more restricted service or even its complete collapse.

*Harold Sculthorpe*
*Reynard Drive*
*London SE19*

## Judging pornography

Discussion about Elizabeth Wilson's article ("Against feminist fundamentalism", 23 June) seems to have got on to the wrong track. Heterosexual pornography is very bad for women. But that does not necessarily mean it is wise to press for new legislation.

For who would administer such a law? The same police, customs officers, magistrates and judges who could perfectly well use existing legislation to control oppressive representations of women, but can barely bring themselves to prosecute and convict even men who commit direct physical violence against women. Instead they harass minorities like lesbians and gay men —whose pornography is usually not harmful to women.

The issue is not whether heterosexual pornography is bad for women, but whether it is wise to invite the patriarchal state to intrude more than it already does upon our sexualities. On its record, Liberty surely knows this.

*Alan Sinfield*
*Clifton Place*
*Brighton*

## Little Englandism

Raphael Samuel ("In search of Britain", 25 August) takes a rather blinkered view of British Marxist history when he suggests that it has been informed by "Little Englandism" and has therefore avoided dealing with Ireland, Scotland and Wales.

True, even when it came to writing widely used school texts, Christopher Hill and Eric Hobsbawm stuck mainly to England. But as Samuel would probably concede that preference was very much tied up with the politics of the Popular Front and the celebration of a progressive "Englishness".

But by the 1970s, inspired perhaps by the events of 1968 and certainly rejecting all forms of historical Stalinism, a rather different group of


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Marxist historians had taken the field. One thinks of the work of Richard Hyman, James Hinton and Bob Holman on the First Shop Stewards Movement, on syndicalism and the history of the trade union bureaucracy. More recently Chanie Rosenberg's excellent "1919". All these Marxist histories examine quite consciously Ireland, Wales and most particularly Scotland. Samuel ignores them. Why?

*Keith Flett*
*Lansdowne Road*
*London N17*

## The British

What a pity that in his otherwise excellent article on the way the English arrogate the word "British" to themselves, Raphael Samuel misattributes the phrase to the Act of Union, 1707 ("In search of Britain", 25 August). As the tourist guides at Holyrood House never tire of telling one, James VI and First liked to style himself "King of Great Britain" from the Union of the Crowns, 1603, onwards. John Dee tried to interest Gloriana in the term, thus, aptly, illustrating Raphael Samuel's thesis. Actually the word derives from the need to distinguish this island from Brittany (Little Britain), which was founded by Celtic exiles from the Anglo Saxons in the 8th century. The wording *Grande Bretagne* was created by the French, after the Bretons passed to their tender care in 1488. You can always blame it on them!

*David Duckels*
*Exchange Street*
*Driffield*
*East Yorkshire*

## Green morals

Accepting the Tory terms of reference with talk of costs of pollution may make some aspects of the issue clear ("Patten's poser", 25 August) and no one on the left would deny the Tory intent to use the green issue to tax the poor once again.

But there is danger in simply accepting the Tory economic terms of reference as a starting point. This is surely just a smoke-screen behind which they'll do just as they like.

Environmental pollution is a moral issue. There is no substitute for putting measures to monitor actively and stop pollution as first priority.

Tory arguments about taxes will leave to the polluters decisions as to whether to pay up for polluting or stop the pollution. This is immoral.

*C Dereli*
*Christines Crescent*
*Bruscough*
*Lancashire*

## THIS ENGLAND

£5 book tokens for entries printed. (Postcards please.)

● Architect's Own House: Elegantly restored Victorian terrace house in original Georgian style. Must be viewed. Offers over £297,000.—Ad in the *Observer* (A Light/R Samuel)

● Mr Allen: To ask the Minister of Agriculture, Fisheries and Food what recent developments have taken place in tackling water mark disease and its effects on cricket bat production.

Mr Maclean: A cricket bat willow research group was established on 3 May. This includes representatives of the growers, merchants and manufacturers, as well as representatives from the University of East Anglia, Essex county council and the Forestry Commission. —*Hansard* (J Gilmour)

● Yesterday my two-year-old grandson was bitten by a dog. The owner said it had never happened before. This set me wondering. My grandson is allergic to food additives, so could there be a connection between additives in dog food and unnatural behaviour of otherwise placid dogs.—Letter in *Daily Mail* (J Casey)

● The man arrested last week after biting a live duck's head off in front of horrified children in Golders Hill Park has jumped bail.

A police spokesman said that the charge of criminal damage was originally considered but for that "one has to consider the ownership of the duck—and it doesn't really belong to anyone. It is a free-range duck, so to speak, one of God's creatures."

A breach of the peace was more likely—*Hampstead & Highgate Express* (Michael Carlson)

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# DIARY

*Sean French*

**There was something poignant for me about the celebration of John Peel's 50th birthday last week.** Looking back, I seem to perceive most of my undergraduate life taking place with his late-night radio show in the background.

I suspect that Peel is still an old hippy at heart but in the late seventies he had the good sense and taste to jump on the punk bandwagon. At the time I listened to his music show really obsessively, between 1978 and 1981, he was presiding over the only time in pop's miniature history when the domination of the major record companies was seriously challenged.

Peel's own show was itself part of the challenge. Because of Musicians' Union restrictions on so-called needletime, Peel had to devote a portion of the show to "sessions", for which a band would hastily record four of their songs in a BBC studio. Much of these began to be devoted to strange new bands without recording contracts.

Some of these groups, like The Police, achieved lasting success but I was more interested in the ones who made a couple of great singles and then vanished. I even find it poignant just to write their names. To select a few at random, groups like The Desperate Bicycles, The Distractions, Homme de Terre (who, to my knowlege, only recorded one song, on the privately printed *Sent from Coventry* EP), The Leyton Buzzards, The Radio Stars, The Records, The Rezillos, The Tours, The Yachts. Where are they all now?

John Peel has outlasted them all.

**The current edition of *Granta* magazine contains the first writing by Salman Rushdie to be written and published since he went into hiding—a 150-word poem about his own situation.**

Unfortunately, I cannot quote from it because on the facing page there is a legal warning which is two-thirds as long as the poem, and displayed almost as prominently. This warning, however, I *am* allowed to quote, and it makes alarming reading.

"Copyright ©1989 Salman Rushdie and Granta Publications Limited. All rights reserved. No part of this poem may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system or transmitted, in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying or otherwise, without the prior written permission of the copyright owners. No part of this poem may be reproduced, whether for private research, study, criticism, review or the reporting of current events, without the written permission of the publishers, Granta Publications Limited. Any unauthorized reproduction of any part of the poem may result in civil liability and criminal prosecution."

It has already been observed that more than one notion of the sacred is involved in the Rushdie Affair. Here we have a new one: the sacredness of copyright.

And there are different kinds of freedom as well. There is, for example, the freedom of scholars and critics to engage in discourse about works of literature, which has been eroded in recent years by the tyranny of laws that demand payment often for the briefest quotation. There is also the freedom of those who have spoken up for Rushdie to cite his responses to his persecutors.

British commentators might be critical of a law in eastern Europe that prevented the press quoting from specified works, or farther east a theocratic dogma that forbade reproduction of a text on penalty of "civil liability and criminal prosecution".

I suppose some muslim extremists may attempt to burn this edition of *Granta* in public, but if so they may take on more than they have bargained for. They'll discover that a breach of the peace is one thing, but a breach of publisher Bill Buford's copyright is quite another.

**There's not much need to praise Keith Waterhouse's book *Waterhouse on Newspaper Style* (published last week by Viking), because the author has done the job himself.**

The book was first written as the style guide for Mirror Newspapers in 1979, but, so Waterhouse informs us, the demand was so great that a limited edition was produced by the company in the early eighties. This book was accorded a "quite extraordinary reception". So, for the first time, it is now available to the public as a guide to clear prose, uncontaminated by clichés, jargon or other undesirables.

This is a primer full of robust good advice, but to me it read rather sadly. The book's epigraph is—almost inevitably—an extract from George Orwell's essay, "Politics and the English Language", and Waterhouse is essentially applying Orwell's theory to Fleet Street practice, in particular to tabloid practice. Implicit in this is an assumption, that would have once been shared by James Cameron, A J P Taylor and Michael Foot, that the popular press had certain high standards of its own.

For Waterhouse to apply these decent strictures to the *Sun* is not so much wrong as wildly beside the point. In fact, in purely technical terms, the *Sun* may well be the best sub-edited paper in Fleet Street. (I'd better add, before someone writes in, that in current usage Fleet Street is a concept, not a geographical location.) I suspect that there is a lower proportion of misspellings and grammatical errors in the *Sun* than in the *Guardian*.

However, the manner in which the paper breaks Waterhouse's rules on matters of taste and decency are not merely flagrant but a matter of editorial policy. In the face of modern tabloid journalism, Waterhouse is like the gunboat in Conrad's *Heart of Darkness* which is seen sailing round the coast of Africa, hopelessly firing shells into the jungle in the hope of subjugating the continent.

Waterhouse ends his illuminating introduction—a brief history of the modern popular press—with a call for the tabloids to throw out their clichés, their puns, cor-blimey headlines and their stereotyped writing. But once they'd done that, what makes Waterhouse think there would be anything left?

**Incidentally, there is always a danger in denouncing clichés.** The last sentence of Waterhouse's call to arms proclaims that: "The object of this manual is to start hacking away at the dead wood." But isn't the expression "dead wood" itself a rather dead-wooded way in which to begin a campaign against dead wood? Perhaps it takes a cliché to catch a cliché.

ROGER WODDIS

## Making a bomb

*The government has called in Sir Francis Tombs, chairman of Rolls Royce, to investigate allegations of malpractice by contractors at Aldermaston, which could lead to the partial privatisation of Britain's nuclear arms industry*

When rumour rears its ugly head,
With certain faces turning red,
The only prudent thing to do
Is organise a deep review.
And when it comes to making nukes
By those deserving stern rebukes,
The market price of death consumes
The aptly-named Sir Francis Tombs.

The powers that be trust God and Queen
To keep the ruling party clean:
Whatever busybodies say,
Nice little earners rule OK.
But it behoves all decent chaps
To keep such fiddles under wraps,
Lest something should be taken from
Their sacred right to make a bomb.

The anthem one so often hears
Produces patriotic tears
From those who love this dear, dear land,
But what counts more is cash in hand.
The Aldermaston code applies
To everything we privatise,
So let no buccaneer be barred,
And let the Kray twins run the Yard.


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# Pretty poison

*The natural health market has a benign image. But it's as open to abuse as any other market. Duncan Campbell and Nigel Townson report on the boom in "organic germanium": a nutritionally valueless poison, sold for huge profits*

John Edwards



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# *In Japan, a man took a 130mg dose of germanium a day—and died.*

People suffering from ME, the postviral syndrome, and other chronic illnesses have increasingly been turning to a newly fashionable, and very expensive, "miracle cure"—"organic germanium". The fad for swallowing germanium pills began in Japan in the 1970s, but the germanium boom really took off in the late 1980s, when distributors in West Germany and California began promoting their own brands of germanium compound, using trade names like GeOxy-132 and Sanumgerman.

But the treatment is potentially lethal. The fad has been followed by clinical reports from Japan of death and sickness from germanium poisoning. In the past year, medical journals have described two cases of death and a dozen cases of chronic and irreversible kidney damage. All resulted from people having taken germanium as a "health product"—and most of the victims had not been ill in the first place.

In one case, doctors in Osaka National Hospital tried for five days to save the life of a previously healthy man of 25 who suddenly developed acute kidney failure after taking germanium capsules for only seven months simply to recover from overwork. The destruction of his kidneys had caused his heart to swell in size, and lethally damaged his heart muscle before he got to hospital.

Yet organic germanium pills and potions are being imported or manufactured by an increasing number of British pill manufacturers. Traders and practitioners, initially attracted by the high profits which can be made from selling the expensive germanium-based chemicals, have actively promoted dangerously heavy consumption of the substances by chronically ill people. Patients with ME (myalgic encephalomyelitis), Aids or HIV infection have been major targets of the germanium promotion campaign, but sufferers from arthritis, bone disease and allergies have also been targeted.

A Brighton businesswoman, Monica Bryant, gave the germanium boom its send-off in Britain in 1987. Her company, Symbiogenesis Ltd, began to import German-made germanium Sanumgerman potions and pills via Lichtenstein. Bryant also set up an "International Institute of Symbiotic Studies" which promotes sales of germanium and other alternative remedies.

By the time of the 1988 vitamin pill trade show, HEALTHEX, last March, most of Britain's dozen or so vitamin pill companies were scrambling to get their own-name brands of germanium onto the market. There are now at least 15 different brands of germanium pills and potions being sold in Britain. The mark-ups are considerable. Raw Ge-Oxy 132 can be purchased from the US for about £1.20 a gram, and is typically sold in packets of 30 or 60 tablets at a cost of £12 a gram.

From spring 1987 onwards, Bryant and her collaborators published a series of articles in vitamin and "health" magazines intended to draw attention to their new germanium drugs. This promotional activity has increased as other producers and suppliers have entered the market. What could be described as a "vitamin-industrial complex" has through seemingly expert and well-meaning advice in books, articles and advertisements encouraged chronically-ill, and therefore vulnerable, people that swallowing germanium compounds in large doses will strengthen an impaired immune system, provide oxygen and energy, and relieve fatigue.

A typical pitch at Aids and ME patients—made by Earthdust Products of Crawley—is that its "Germanium Complex" pills are "the ultimate aid to rebuilding [a] compromised immune system". Natural Flow Ltd, of Sussex, claims that "the main benefit of Ge132 (a germanium drug) is in the maintenance of the immune system". Other manufacturers market their products as "Germanium Immunoforte" and "Maximmune".

Leading British specialists are now worried that thousands of people may have been induced to swallow sufficient tablets or elixir silently to damage their kidneys, and may be slowly killing themselves. Germanium, says Professor Vincent Marks, a clinical biochemist at Surrey University, is just a "worthless and dangerous poison".

None of the traders we approached could produce any scientific evidence that taking their germanium drugs had any beneficial effect on the human immune system. This is not surprising, as none of their claims are based on any recognised scientific tests on human beings. Some couldn't (or wouldn't) even identify the germanium formula they were using. They all admitted that they had never tested their products for human safety or efficacy, but claimed that this had been done by the suppliers of the raw material. We asked them and the suppliers to supply copies of any independent human safety and toxicity reports on any of the germanium products they were selling. No reports were produced.

*High-dose germanium can give a boost to recorrect patients to their "inner will"*

*—Monica Bryant*

Germanium is actually a metallic element normally used to make transistors and electronic equipment. It has no role in human nutrition. Its use in "health" elixirs and pills began when the late Dr Kasuhiko Asai in Japan developed a mystical theory about germanium, which was based on its properties as an electronic semiconductor and its supposed presence in the Holy Water of Lourdes. Asai later set up an "Organic Germanium Clinic" in central Tokyo. But Asai was a mining engineer with no medical training. He never published recognised medical research on the subject. Instead, he wrote *Organic Germanium—Miracle Cure*, a book which even ardent supporters call "wild" and "unscientific".

Most London health food shops we inspected this week had germanium packs on their shelves. Some packs cost as much as £165 each. The fashionable Sloane Health Shop, in Sloane Square, which is patronised by Princess Diana and other royalty, had no fewer than ten different brands of germanium pills on its shelves. But other European countries—including West Germany, an early source of germanium imports to Britain—ban its sale to the public.

The campaign to make organic germanium a fashionable health fad is particularly perverse, since the products now on sale are all completely non-natural: drugs, in fact. "Organic" doesn't mean "natural", let alone "good", but merely signifies that the compounds are made of carbon as well as germanium. Global Marketing Associates, the San Francisco-based makers of GeOxy-132, informed us that it is synthesised at a US chemical plant from ingredients which include cyanide compounds and the output of mines in southern Africa. The products have been extensively tested on animals.

Fortunately, germanium has been on sale in Britain on a large scale for less than 18 months. Medical studies from Japan show that germanium poisoning is insidious, yet can lead to sudden illness or death from kidney failure. Normally, doctors would expect to notice early warning signs of kidney damage before it was too late. But the case of the 25-year-old victim in Japan we mention above illustrates the dangers. The dose he had taken—about 130 milligrams a day—is less than that sold or recommended to ME and Aids patients by some companies in Britain. Another 36-year-old germanium victim swallowed a lower average daily dose of 100mg and suffered kidney failure after a year of "treatment". He didn't die, but two years later his kidneys had not recovered. Others suffering from kidney failure had taken only about 50mg a day of germanium compounds.

Typical brands of germanium pills on sale in Britain are said to contain 25mg of germanium compounds. But there are no warnings about the danger of taking more than the recommended dosage, and many germanium enthusiasts have advocated taking much larger doses; and some brands, Natural Flow's "Germanium plus", for instance, contain ten times as much, (250mg).

The latest scientific reports from Japan stress that "the human kidney is probably highly sensitive to germanium toxicity" and warn that "long-term use of germanium preparations at high dosage can cause severe renal damage". Most of the Japanese germanium poisoning reports refer to damage caused by a germanium dioxide, which may be mixed in the original pill, or be formed inside the body after people have swallowed germanium compounds. Two reports implicate a mixture of different germanium oxides, including germanium sesequoxide or "Ge-132", the very same mixture which is



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# *Advice leaflets recommend larger doses to ME and Aids sufferers*

now widely sold in Britain as "GeOxy-132" and under similar names.

Dr Parris Kidd, an American specialist who pioneered trying germanium compounds for use against Aids, cancer and other diseases, told us that he has changed his views. A few years ago, he set up and ran the Germanium Institute of North America (GINA) in Berkeley, California. But GINA is now being disbanded, Dr Kidd said this week. Why? "Because toxicity is a major problem." Organic germanium, he says, "is very clearly a drug. It has no proven nutritional essentiality. It has not been fully clinically tested— the proper development work has not been done."

Dr Kidd said that he could not testify to the safety of the products now reaching Britain. The growing evidence of kidney damage in Japan is "probably the end of the product", he says. "The potential toxicity will remain considerable." He has broken off contact with US distributors of Ge-132 because he doesn't want to be associated "with something that may be hurting people". He adds that none of the germanium products now being sold to the public has been properly tested for safety or toxicity.

Some of the companies selling germanium pills claim that their germanium is safe because it is "organic". They mix the germanium with alcohol-related molecules, or citric acid, which is found in fruit, to make it more "bioavailable". But this may make the poisonous effects worse, says Professor Marks. He points out that "organic tin and organic lead are exceptionally poisonous", precisely because they are organic. Mixing or compounding germanium with organic substances would "enhance its toxicity precisely because it would be absorbed by the body more effectively; it's the worst way to have to take it. On the basis of what we know about other metals, kidney tubular damage is exactly what we would expect from germanium."

Professor Marks adds that selling germanium as a health cure is "thoroughly outrageous quackery". "I am aware of no evidence that it has any nutritional role."

Bryant's promotion and marketing of germanium shows how the vitamin-industrial complex operates. Advice leaflets advocated taking "therapeutic" doses of 180 to 360 milligrams "elemental germanium" a day, and suggest that such doses "may be repeated" for periods of 40 days, three times a year. The leaflets claims that "taking germanium ... is important in the treatment of chronic diseases". Such a course of treatment would also mean buying £1,600 worth of capsules from her company.

The International Institute of Symbiotic Studies is simply a sales front for Symbiogenesis. It employs no staff and has no academic standing. Its office at 5 Fairlight Place, Brighton, is the office of Symbiogenesis Ltd, as well as Bryant's own home. Customers are not alerted to the fact that the company selling germanium is the same as the "Institute", since, in 1987, Bryant moved her company's address to a box number in London. Bryant has admitted that she and others have written articles and leaflets from the "Institute", promoting the products her company sells, without saying that the company and Institute are one and the same. It's a tactic frequently used by small companies selling unlicensed drugs and so-called "supplements".

Ms Bryant refused to answer any questions about her products or safety tests. But Simon Martin, the former company secretary of Symbiogenesis Ltd and an alternative health writer, said this week that he was not interested in defending germanium. "I think the price is completely over the top. The colossal mark-up is just out of order." Martin said he had resigned from Symbiogenesis in June after the *NSS* (16 June) disclosed the company's involvement with French con-man Yves Delatte.

Last year, Sandra Goodman published a book, *Germanium—the health and life enhancer*. In the book, Goodman refers to an "ongoing symbiosis that has transpired between Monica Bryant and myself in giving birth to this work", but claims that she (Goodman) does not "have an interest in sales, patents or profits from germanium". In fact, though Goodman may not have benefited directly from germanium sales, Bryant admitted three months ago that the "ongoing symbiosis" involved the transmission of cash. "I've paid her on a number of occasions, personally and on my business," admitted Bryant. The total sum of money involved was "of the order of hundreds of pounds". (Ms Goodman has now moved to Seattle, Washington and has not responded to a request for comment made to her publishers.)

*On the basis of what we know, tubular kidney damage is exactly what we would expect*

*—Prof Victor Marks*

Between September 1987 and May 1988, according to former Symbiogenesis business consultant, Mike Smith, the company sold over £104,000 of germanium and other products; the profit margins were "bloody enormous". Bryant instructed him to send the proceeds of germanium sales direct to a bank account in Lichtenstein.

ME sufferers have become the latest target of the germanium pushers. This April, in a magazine published by Natural Flow Ltd, Bryant claimed that germanium was a "breakthrough for ME sufferers". "Germanium," she says, "plays a vital role in the body's metabolic processes... high-dose germanium can give that immediate boost to help them reconnect with the 'inner will'." Her article also stressed that liquid germanium (which only she and they currently sell) was the "ideal way" to take germanium. But Natural Flow manager Graham Miller was unable to provide any scientific evidence that the chemical his and Bryant's company sells, Sanumgerman, was of any value in use in ME. The only reported test on the product in a reputable scientific journal involved Albino mice in Poland in 1986. Miller also refused to disclose the chemical composition and formula of Sanumgerman.

Dr Belinda Dawes, a medical doctor specialising in ME, has also been actively promoting the use of germanium. Dr Dawes, who now runs private ME clinics in Harley Street and Chelsea, has advised patients that the smaller doses of germanium available in most commercial pills is, in her view, "fairly ineffective". She recommended tablets she herself imports from California, each of which contain 150mg of GeOxy—132. Patients are told to take one or two such germanium tablets each day.

Organisations concerned with the chronically ill are beginning to respond to the promotion of germanium. Dr Charles Shepherd, a medical consultant to the ME Association, says that he is "gravely concerned that patients with ME have been persuaded to take germanium. I would strongly advise patients to stop taking this material immediately, and if they have any kidney symptoms to ask to be referred to a specialist or to contact a medical adviser via one of the ME associations."

Shepherd is among the specialists now worried that death or injury from germanium poisoning could already have gone undetected. "People are going into renal failure for all sorts of unsuspected reasons." Professor Marks agrees, noting that "this is exactly what happened with cadmium and some other drugs. They were killing people by the thousands from kidney failure, and no one realised the cause." He asks: "Until now, who would dream of asking a patient with kidney damage if they'd been eating germanium?"

Warned of the poisoning risk, several germanium manufacturers have already suspended sales. Among them are Biocare Labs, Birmingham, G&G Food Supplies of East Grinstead, and Earthdust Products, Crawley. But others are continuing to produce, market and sell germanium products. The recently-launched Campaign Against Health Fraud is to press the Department of Health for a ban on germanium sales.

The natural health market often assumes a moral superiority over orthodox pharmaceutical manufacturers, and many of the companies and practitioners involved are sincere in their belief about the intrinsic merits of "natural" (hence safer), "holistic" (hence better) and "organic" (hence healthier) products. The germanium scandal has torn the clothing from this comforting fantasy. Germanium pills are unnatural, nutritionally valueless drugs, sold for huge profits.

Orthodox medicine is strictly regulated for the safety of the public. The activities of the vitamin-industrial complex make it necessary to demand real safeguards for chronically ill people made all the more vulnerable by their willingness to trust in the benign image of the natural health market.●

*Additional research by Maria Manning*


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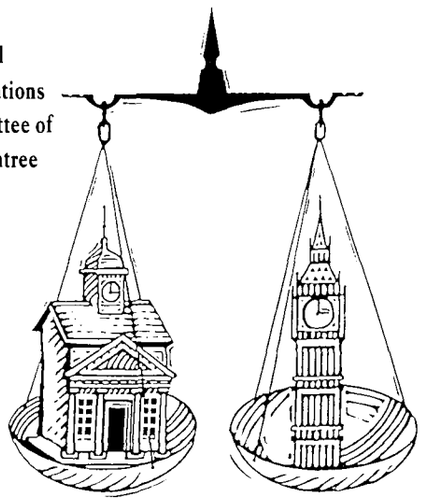
# The Functions of Local Government

Local and Central Government Relations Research Committee of The Joseph Rowntree Memorial Trust.



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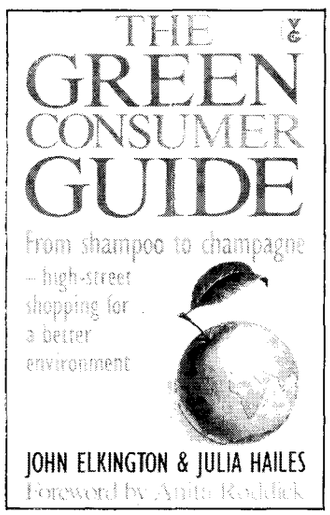
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# Terror in the townships

*Gangs patrol the townships and murderous violence is commonplace. R W Johnson on what any black government will have to confront*

"Do you see," said Monica, the hitcher I'd picked up on the road out of Durban, "These comrades, they come to my friend and me and they say, why are you in school? You must not be in school. And then they do this to me with teargas"—she pointed to scars, white against her black skin, on her face and inside her mouth, but I still couldn't understand quite what they'd done. "I was ugly, all burnt, for long time. My friend, they pushed this wire in one of her eyes and out the other one. Right through. One eye is come right out. She no see nothing now. *Ikona!* [No way!] These comrades, they are no good."

I agree they don't sound too good. "So I run away. Cannot stay at that school, I'm nineteen, I must get Matric—I'm Standard 9 now. I mus' still get money. But I watch out for comrades. They are not good people."

I asked Monica how she managed to "get money", though I didn't really have too many doubts. She grinned so broadly that I couldn't help laughing. This made her somewhat indignant. "But I mus' have go with guys for money. What else I do? Many girls do that. Too much. In my class, ten girls do that. Is no good business. The headmaster very angry, he catch me in a car with a white guy. Two times. Next time he say he make me leave school, but I mus' need money."

Monica looked at me hopefully. "You on, guy? Twenty Rand." I say, well no. Monica suddenly looks a lot less young and shoots me a bargaining glance. "Ten Rand?" (£2.30). I say, look, I don't want to sleep with you but here's five Rand. "You crazy guy or what?" says Monica, but honour is satisfied. She goes off shaking her head, but happy. She's a nice kid but, as with so many black girls using prostitution to put themselves through school, you wonder how long she's going to live.

Monica lives in Kwa Mashu, just outside Durban. As townships go, it's not too bad. That is, although there are occasional flare-ups of UDF vs Inkatha fighting—and there is a great deal of house-burning going on this week because of comrade activity over the elections—the death-toll is very moderate compared to a place like Mpumalanga, twenty miles out of Durban, where ten or twelve people die due to political causes every week—usually hacked to death with pangas as they try to escape from their petrol-bombed houses. A lot get burned to death—but the AK-47 is, so to speak, writing more and more death certificates round here. (You only ever used to see AK-47s at night, they say, but now you can sometimes even see them in daytime. Mind you, the AK is still a luxury weapon of choice: the crude pipe-guns manufactured by illicit township gun factories are far more common.)

The violence is deep-seated and beyond too much rational analysis. At Mpumalanga, for example, one ward is Inkatha, so everyone wears khaki trousers, but in the next ward you wear yellow vests to show you're UDF. The khaki trousers and yellow vests will kill one another on sight—I heard of one unfortunate who came from out of town, innocently wearing khaki trousers. He was dragged out of his taxi by the yellow vests. Of course, it might sound easy to have both the right trousers and the right vest in your wardrobe, but the trouble is that you'll get taken out on a raiding party with one gang or the other and have to kill someone to prove yourself. And then their relatives will want to kill you, so your only security lies in sticking with the gang you've "joined".

Most Africans living in places like Mpumalanga (and there are quite a few such places here in Natal) are simply terrified and, on getting home from the office, the factory or the white home in the suburbs, just barricade themselves in. No one's too sure any more how much politics has to do with the killings. You don't ask, you just hide and you absolutely don't want to join anything. Militant radicals or Inkatha supporters will try to tell you how the masses support them, but don't believe it. Most of the masses are like Monica: they don't really care, they just want to be left alone. The adults, anyway. The young students are more committed, which makes them the target of whatever the opposing group is.

The thing that Kwa Mashu people are really frightened of is the Senoras, a sort of vigilante super-gang which has come to dominate the township in the last few months. The Senoras are in the habit, inter alia, of descending on schools—50 to a 100 toughs with *pangas*—to "sort out" the students (ie, as presumed radicals). It's assumed the Senoras get paid by someone for doing this, but nobody knows by whom. The headmasters are terrified—one I talked to said he simply closed down the school and hid when he heard the Senoras were coming. Unless you're willing to spend the school budget on AK-47s, this is logical enough.

Across the way in Lindelani, the alarming Mr Tshabalala ("Mr T") holds sway—his fighters being (of course, nature imitateth not art but televison) the "A-Team". But Mr T—by profession a squatter shacklord and warlord—has just been on trial for murder again, so the A-Team has been fairly quiet. Now that Mr T's been found not guilty again various aggrieved parties are bound to try to kill him, so the A-Team will doubtless be getting ready for some pre-emptive mayhem to show that trying to kill Mr T would be a thoroughly bad idea.

In addition, of course, there is now a general assumption of a life expectancy of nil for those

**A mother grieves for her son: one of 50 militant youths fleei**



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brave souls who gave evidence against Mr T in court. Under his not altogether benign rule, Lindelani has its own "people's courts", with often extremely brutal sentences being carried out on the spot—one punishment, for example, being to gouge out someone's eye and then make them eat it. But the "people's courts", operated under UDF auspices in other areas, are not necessarily a whole lot better: at one such court near Durban last week two children were hacked to death in front of their parents. But both Mr T's little feudal state and the people's court phenomenon should really be understood as simply the most structured forms of gang rule; the basic reality, beyond and alongside politics and everything else, is the gang.

It's not always very structured. In the 54 miles separating Durban and Pietermaritzburg, there are perhaps a thousand African children living wild in the bush, having been driven out there by squatter-camp gang wars. These kids—often likened to pirates or flocks of wild

Gideon Mendel/Magnum

**A youth shot in the eye with birdshot. Such violence is escalating at a frightening pace**

Gideon Mendel/Magnum

**e Leandra township, fearing their lives were threatened by the Inkatha vigilantes**

birds—are skilled fighters and have become violence-entrepreneurs, operating protection rackets and hiring themselves out as fighters in various community conflicts. They've found a growing market all right.

Doubtless, even such groups develop a leadership structure in time with the emergence of strong men or, at least, strong children. But reality here is is often two-faced. A pharmacist friend told me how, driving through a township to deliver some medical supplies the other day, he was cheerfully greeted by a crocodile of uniformed schoolchildren marching unaccountably down the road in the middle of the school day. Later, he found that an intruder into their school had attempted to rape one of the schoolgirls and, when she had resisted, had knifed her. Her classmates voted to suspend classes while they went off to burn the intruder's house down and kill him if they could. It was while they were on their way to do this errand that they had encountered my pharmacist friend and shown such good humour.

Rape, especially gang-rape, has become a growing problem in the townships. Soweto, in particular, has seen the rise of "jackrolling"—car-borne gangs cruising the streets, alighting on women of their choice. Some gangs have now taken to bursting into houses to gang-rape young girls, and then threatening the terrified parents with a particularly painful death if they fail to ensure that their daughters are there and available next time the jackrollers decide to pay a call.

But horror stories about gangs are really a dime a dozen. Nobody doubts that in both Coloured and African townships gang activity has increased to a record intensity and rapacity, nor that rising unemployment is the fundamental cause.

The terrible and worsening violence in the black townships and squatter camps of South Africa—both political and gang-related—poses insuperable problems for the self-designated Mass Democratic Movement (ie, the pro-ANC Left) here. The MDM furiously rejects the term "black-on-black violence", saying that this term


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leaves out apartheid's responsibility in creating the framework for violence. Moreover, says the MDM, the term reinforces the government propaganda image of white rule holding the ring for law and order in the face of a black population eager only to set about killing one another.

In fact, the MDM has no alternative to offer instead of "black-on-black" (which, privately everyone uses), and, in any case, such a response is almost frivolous. With communities living in terror and people being raped, robbed and killed in large numbers, to waste energy on the mere question of terminology seems odd for a movement which insists, above all, on its community-mindedness.

And, of course, the embarrassment goes deeper than that. For example, it is a basic ANC demand that the army (the SADF) must be withdrawn from the townships. But the fact is that, in the face of the escalating internal violence there, many blacks are often only too glad to see the police and the SADF in their midst, hated though these forces are. Quite often, indeed, it is terrified blacks who appeal to the police and SADF to come in to their areas to restore order.

Or again, the MDM leadership appeals insistently for increased sanctions against South Africa—but everyone knows that economic sanctions have already contributed heavily to black unemployment and that the worse unemployment gets, the worse the violence will get. Similarly, the work stay-away is one of the MDM's favourite weapons—there is another stay-away going on this election week—but every stay-away kills more black jobs as employers respond with more automation or by switching employment to Indians and coloureds. And more job losses mean more unemployment, more violence, more gangs.

Some radicals still hanker after the ANC slogan of 1983-6, "Make the townships (and thus South Africa) ungovernable", but the fact is that they are close to ungovernability right now and this simply increases black suffering to no particular political effect.

This week's election will make no difference to all this. All else apart, the realities of township life are just not amenable to a political quick-fix, whoever is in power. One day a black government is going to have to face up to the fact that even majority rule is not going to make the townships and their problems go away, that the left needs an urban policy and a security policy as much as anyone else. Perhaps we'll find troops and armoured cars in the townships even then.

At present, the black middle classes have built themselves palatial homes in select little class enclaves within the townships—this is how a Winnie Mandela or a Desmond Tutu live now. This class currently provides most of the country's black political leadership, but when apartheid ends much of that class is clearly going to flee into the relative peace and security of the white suburbs. That leadership will then find itself having to deal with the seething world of the townships from exactly the same vantage point now enjoyed by the whites. Despite all the rhetoric now, how different their approach then will really be is hard to know. For Monica's sake—and thousands like her—one has to live in hope.

# Bush's crack army

## *President Bush's spectacular drug war has a cynical rationality to it. Alexander Cockburn explains the political pay-offs*

*Aptos, California*

There isn't another commodity in the world today that leaves as large a margin of profit for the little guy as coca or, in coca's processed form, cocaine. In economic terms its rationality is overwhelming.

Consider it first from the point of view of an Andean peasant. A short-term crop of maize gets him maybe $150 an acre; livestock just a few dollars more; coca maybe $5,000 or $10,000 an acre. Coca production uses plenty of labour and the peasants get well paid. Because local processing is simple, it is easy to break monopolies in first-stage processing, so local middlemen and local commerce can thrive. The Andean flank of the Amazon basin is run by the coca trade and everything in the coca-producing countries rests on this huge economic base, worth about $60 billion a year and creating more jobs and exports than anything else. Cocaine agriculture *is* development policy in the region.

And cocaine-selling is a very rational career choice for a young black male in the North American inner city of today. If all roads lead to hell, why not take the one that's paved, sometimes, with gold? The rise of post-industrial America damaged many lives, but none more than that of the black male. Take Los Angeles. In a fairly brief period around 80,000 industrial jobs in auto assembly, tyres and other "Fordist" occupations disappeared. The life supports of well over a million people were therefore cut, with no alternative in sight and almost no safety net provided by a city which has seen no public housing constructed since shortly after the second world war.

The distribution of cocaine, and its derivative crack, offers escape from poverty and despair. The rewards are high (as are the occupational risks) and the wider society wholeheartedly endorses the ethic of rapid, brutish accumulation. As with liquor distribution during prohibition, cocaine offers a substantial new opportunity for previously stifled entrepreneurial vigour. After all, a fortune built on bootlegging in the 1920s pivoted the Kennedy clan into history.

The political culture that created the conditions in which crack selling is the rational career choice for a black 16 year old now views the drug "problem" with emotions well beyond the border of hysteria. The newspapers regularly carry letters urging mandatory life imprisonment and, not infrequently, execution for first offenders. Exile of peddlers to remote islands is another common suggestion.

In fact, the larger society is not overly distressed by the consequences of the drug culture so long as they remain penned within the ghettoes of the have-nots. A mayor or a policeman would far rather see a black youth with crack in his pocket than the writings of Malcolm X. If the Crips and Bloods of Los Angeles were only to kill each other, no great perturbation would transpire. But policemen and politicians don't like headlines about innnocent bystanders or worse, tourists being caught in the crossfire.

A "war" on drugs, like any war on crime, has distinct political advantages. It is popular with the white middle-class voters. It doesn't cost much, and it enables police chiefs to urge successfully the removal of vexatious laws protecting individual rights. In the present drug "war" long-cherished constitutional protections are being shunted aside with the same élan as Chief Gate's battering-ram bashing-in of the doors of suspected "crack houses" in south central Los Angeles. In the end, the "war" adds up to a boom in prison construction.

The White House likes wars on drugs in Latin America for the same sort of reason. A Congress that balked at direct US military intervention in Nicaragua has no qualms about seeing Drug Enforcement Administration hardware on tarmacs in Colombia, and certainly does not waste much sleep asking whether the taxpayers' money is being spent in a war on drugs or on left-wing guerillas.

As someone remarked here last week, US government policy on drugs adds up to a prison state for black America and a Vietnam war in the Andes. Over half the coca grown in Latin America comes from the upper Huallaga valley, where the guerillas in the Shining Path movement (Sendero Luminoso) levy a 5 per cent tax on all commodities exported from the area. The "DEA" agents sent to help the Peruvian government look rather more like counter-insurgency types from the Special Forces.

It's not as though Colombia is seeing centu-



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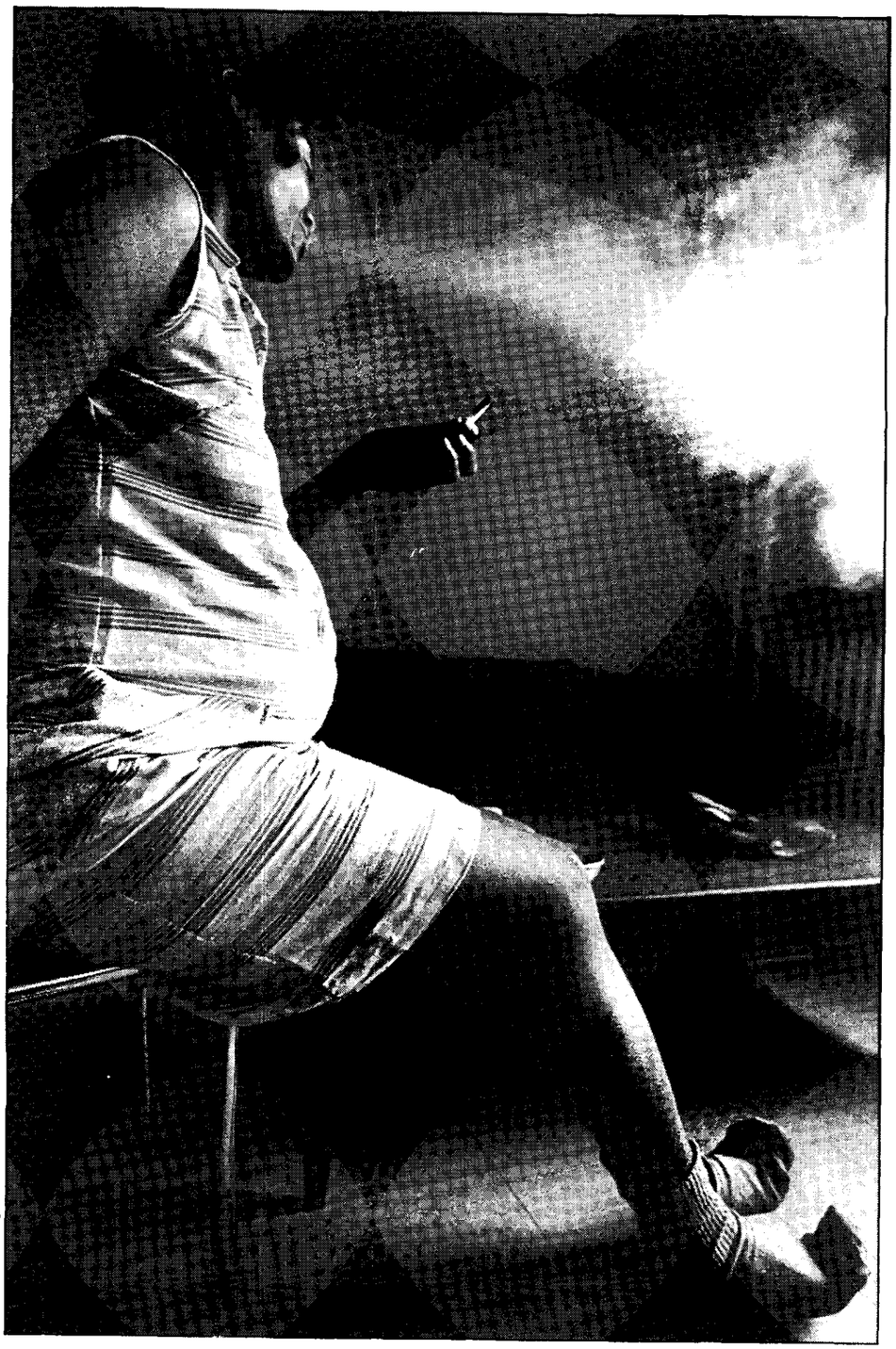

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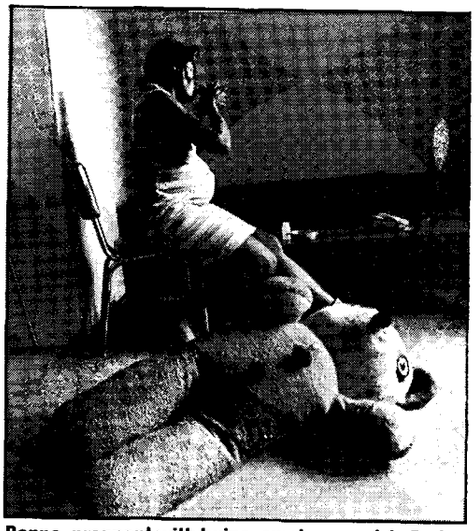

**Donna, pregnant with twins, smokes crack in Red Hook, Brooklyn: society is happy to ignore the drug culture so long as it remains within the ghettoes of the have-nots**

*Cocaine-selling is a very rational career choice for a young black male in the North American inner city. If all roads lead to hell, why not take one paved, sometimes, with gold?*

ries of civic calm disturbed by the gunslingers of the cartel. The *violencia* of an earlier period killed, on many reckonings, more than 200,000 people—which makes the rampages of the men of Medellin look sedate by comparison. No government is going to spurn $65 million, which is what the US is sending the government of President Barco to beat the drug lords, even though the Colombians probably wish the US had kept its $65 million and not sabotaged the International Coffee Agreement, an act which could cost Colombia $800,000 per annum.

Almost everything about the drug "war" has to be re-translated. The Colombian army is not locked in a life-or-death struggle with the cartel, but rather locked in with the cartel in predictable fructifying alliance, against left-wing groups like FARC and M-19 who might interfere in a lucrative business. The army and the government were not distressed to see over a thousand left-wing activists, who had embarked upon legal opposition activities, get murdered by death squads. This relaxed attitude to political assassination was matched by the North American press and by the US government.

Nor can this same US government pretend too much revulsion against the cartel, since it has been dealing with it for years. One of General Noriega's functions was to act as intermediary in transactions that included the supply by the Medellin cartel of large sums of money to the Nicaraguan contras. The money was handled by George Bush's old friend, Felix Rodriguez, the man who claims he wears Che Guevara's watch and who was in charge of the Salvadorean entrepôt for US arms being sent to the contras in the mid-1980s.

From peasant to president, therefore, we can see that rationality prevails. US drug aid will no doubt end up in the pockets of Colombian cocaine executives, just as similar aid to Afghanistan has lubricated the wheels of the heroin convoys. This is rational, too, since it is politically easier to throw money at the problem, so long as the money lands somewhere the other side of the world, rather than on a street in a black slum where a member of the dangerous and undeserving classes might pick it up. ●



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# The perils of Perry

*The Sunday Telegraph's brio is burst. But is it really because Peregrine Worsthorne has been demoted? An insider's view from Edward Pearce*

The *Private Eye* reports are founded on fact. The *Sunday Telegraph* has neither an editorial director nor an editor-in-chief. The most recent idea, after management displeasure with falling circulation, was to demote Peregrine Worsthorne with a flurry of civilities to control of leaders, leader page articles and its and bits, while investing Max Hastings with an overview.

This plan isn't working. Hastings (properly preoccupied with his stabilised daily) comes reluctantly and unhappily to editorial conference, and Worsthorne is notably more reluctant to attend. Accordingly, the two halves of the *Sunday Telegraph* don't always know when they are duplicating one another. First-rate people: Graham Paterson (ex-home news), Chris Elliot (crime), Martin Ivans (foreign) and Peter Millar (east Europe) have left; other high talents stand at the door. In the middle, Ian Watson the deputy editor holds things together unsung.

Paul Tucker

Meanwhile, circulation, already badly down, threatens further diminution. There is a fool's view in wine bars that poor Perry, all ideas and charm, has been butchered by brutal accountants serving North American capitalism and its papal nuncio, Andrew Knight. That account is even better as PR than as a comfortable delusion. But to get at the truth it is worth going back to the "old" *Sunday Telegraph* before the Conrad Black takeover in 1986.

John Thomson, an editor for whom I worked for five years, was a delightful man. But in no way was he dynamic and he had permitted modest, even lethargic, talents, to keep the paper at a chug when it might at least have jogged. On the other hand, John never did anything silly. We put copy to bed with less anxiety or hysteria than any other paper on the street. Content was already steady, civilised Toryism, loyal to Mrs Thatcher but not lighting candles; substantially moderate, especially in manner. I distinctly recall the query, "Don't you think that 'perhaps' might come in here?"

Unlike the *Daily Telegraph* which under Lord Hartwell's care, *hated* features, the work of "viewy men", and worshipped news, the Sunday was unexcited about scooping the rivals. Over eight months towards the end only once was a *Telegraph* story stolen in the early morning by the competition. That occurred when one of Graham Turner's feature pieces was shifted on to the front page.

In looking at the changeover, it must be recalled that Peregrine Worsthorne, long excluded by Lord Hartwell, was nervous when the chalice did pass. For more than a year he ran the paper on the lightest rein available. Initiatives came from professionals: Ian Watson (formerly City editor), Alan Copps (production editor), Peter Taylor (foreign editor) and most of all, with his champagne-fuelled zest for hiring writing talent and chasing news, Graham Paterson.

It was suddenly a successful paper, lifting from 656,000 to around 740,000. The news was sharp. A clutch of gifted writers, those listed above, plus Walter Ellis, Jamie Dettmer and a wise uncle in Ronnie Payne, chief talent of the old regime in sympathy with the young men. Suddenly, a 12.30am steal from the *Sunday Telegraph* became de rigeur for the competition.

*Perry looks for human props with the sort of taste which Jeeves deplored in Bertie*

The atmosphere was unforgettable. All journalists know when they are on a winning team. There is no rest but no real anger; frantic re-writes and re-thinks are done without resentment, the place dances with vitality. Life on the *Sunday Telegraph* for that year was one sustained high.

Oddly, Perry was never central to all this. He made no difficulties, was wise enough to leave well alone, maintained his own amusing lines as columnist and editorialist and, ironically, performed *de facto* the role of editorial pages director! Things began to go wrong when Conrad Black, a man of intellect and sensibility, but separated by an ocean from the state of play, informed Worsthorne that he was editing "the best *newspaper* in western Europe".

Good as it was, this was fulsome and it gave Perry a credit he would have been wise to discount rather than, as he did, to assert himself. He is a gifted, paradoxical writer, not an editor. Worsthorne is humorous, kind, stylish



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and the best of company, but his central flaw is a certain incompleteness. Like a ghost in search of a corporeal self, Perry looks for human props and chooses them with the sort of taste which Jeeves deplored in Bertie.

The acquisition of Frank Johnson is a case in point. Johnson has great talent as a *feuilletoniste*, but I never saw him as a foreign correspondent or executive: two jobs he underook at the *Times*. Johnson is someone who makes byzantine trouble to obtain things he could have had by asking nicely; he has the unfortunate gift of making enemies as an artist might make sculptures of barbed wire. Yet Worsthorne came to depend upon Johnson as a personal makeweight, precisely as he involved himself more intimately in editing. His own limitations began to show with some extraordinary decisions. An interminable whine by Ian Curteis about the BBC rejection of his Falklands play occupied space better shared by three articles. Bagpipe drones by cronies and coterists illustrated the self-indulgence and indifference to the market of the Worsthorne-Johnson reign. Then there was the episode of the Kingsley Amis letter.

A page-wide insertion above the headlines proclaimed the greatest thing since Dr Johnson's epistle to Lord Chesterfield. This "scoop" turned out to be a letter of undistinguished discourtesy from our sour novelist, snarlingly refusing authorisation for a father and son portrait. The Garrick crony syndrome had struck again... at the paper's adult status.

The *Sunday Telegraph* also needed to cool its shrill Conservatism. The *Sunday Correspondent* team in their presentation would list the narrow and extravagant Toryism of the *Telegraph* as good reason for thinking it incapable of competing. Perry's acquisition of Bruce Anderson, a political columnist who was not strictly a writing journalist at all, but regularly in touch with Central Office (and South Africa House), did nothing for the balance. Neither did Johnson's invitation to contribute to Harry Phibbs!

The outcome was predictable. The circulation drop matched the gains made before true Worsthorne control. The paper was back where John Thomson had left it and falling. In such circumstances the removal of an editor is simple rationality.

The immediate mess now derives from the fact that *no one* is editor. The *Sunday Telegraph* should follow the example of the *Daily* and hire an editor. (Ian Watson a sensible, honourable journalist in the old Scottish tradition, would do very well.) It also needs, like Max Hastings's daily, to become moderate and right of centre. The obsessive theocratic right, the grinding dogmatic bores and the odd whiff of fascist whimsy, don't belong.

The *Daily* is a touch flat. Give or take one or two marvellous people like Robert Fox, the journalism hasn't been compelling, but it is thoroughly sensible and grown up. One is not everlastingly making excuses for amateurishness or narcissism; nor, for that matter, is it losing circulation. And as those who work for it tend to notice, somebody is in charge! While at the moment the *Sunday* looks like an 18th century long boat, set adrift in the Indian ocean, manned by a committee of Fletcher Christians, some of whom are not talking to the others. ●

# Palace parting

## *Rosalind Brunt on how the Royal separation hurts "The Family Firm"*

But what about the *aura* of royalty, asked the Radio 4 *Today* presenter. Would that have been damaged? Certainly not, the editor of *Debrett's Peerage* insisted before hopping over to the TV breakfast shows to reiterate the point.

The royal separation was *the* big news story last week. But it was also hardly surprising and the terms of its telling fitted very familiar scripts. For instance, several of the posher media returned to a regularly used source to offer this authoritative quotation: "When there is a select committee on the Queen, the charm of royalty will be gone. Its mystery is its life." Walter Bagehot, speaking in 1867, was trying to defend the peculiarities of the English constitution against the feared encroachments of democratic secularism and republicanism. That his words should still be echoing today when the monarchy is more than ever both an anachronism internationally and an object of such popularity, fascination and veneration at home, says a lot about what Tom Nairn recently identified as "the glamour of backwardness" in the enchanted looking-glass realm of "Ukania".

The enduring appeal of modern constitutional monarchy depends no longer on a single dynastic monarch, but on all the generations of an entire royal family being constantly on public display. As Bagehot realised, the only way to see off rational republicanism was to appeal to emotional feeling and human interest. "A family on the throne... brings down the pride of sovereignty to the level of petty life"—and involves it immediately in the cycles of births, marriages and deaths that every family knows.

But also, and this is the clever magical part, a royal family must always remain above or apart from ordinary families if it is to preserve its national royal status. For it has a special job to do: by inviting its subjects to identify with the monarchy, it promotes a national identity of interests that "sweetens politics by the seasonable addition of nice and pretty events". Hence the attraction of any modern royal marriage: it unites the nation as a British family: "A princely marriage is the brilliant edition of a universal fact and as such it rivets mankind."

The national, riveting responsibilities of royals mean, however, that they're not free to marry just *anyone*: the future consort has to merit national respect. When that wasn't the case in 1936, the whole future of the throne was briefly in jeopardy. But the second world war enabled George VI to carry out a remarkable rehabilitation just three years after the abdication crisis. By creating what he called "The family firm" who all had to contribute to the war-effort, this very "ordinary" and unpretentious man maintained national morale and made the monarchy one of the key guarantors of a postwar future for Britain. It was The People's War, but in his 1939 call to every household in Britain, it was "my people" whom the King summoned to join him in a chivalric fight of "high purpose".

Capable of being at once democrats and aristos, leading both ordinary and extraordinary family lives, on the same level as their subjects and somewhere way above them, British royalty has repeatedly demonstrated its resilience and staying power. Its magic involves its mastering of the art of constant adaptation, steering some middle way between the extreme dangers of being either too common or too remote. When the first "insider" TV film, *Royal Family*, was made in 1969; when the "walkabout" was introduced in 1973; when the younger royals participated in *It's A Knockout* two years ago—the fear was always that monarchy would become too vulgarly human to maintain its mystique. Balance has always to be maintained with the spectacle of pageantry and ceremony.

When Anne married Mark it was, of course, a "fairy-tale romance"—watched by 500 million worldwide. There is now to be no conventional happy ending, but neither has the separation so far provoked a fit of moralising about how we might have expected better. On the contrary, there have been many expressions of sympathy that reflect an increasingly common experience among ordinary people. At the same time, the separation looks remarkably similar to the marriage that existed before and which conformed to the traditional pattern of dynastic unions, even of the more modern "love match" variety: long absences and independent lives made possible by inherited wealth, minimum childcare duties, no housework and all kinds of royal residences to drop into.

As loyal ordinary subjects we don't begrudge them their paradises. After all, the present generation of royals, like George VI, are mostly hardworking, serious, likeable and even a bit liberal—and the Princess Royal is the most dutiful of them all. Besides, who'd want her job? She may *seem* to have it all, but, like Princess Margaret, how will she ever recapture the real thing—true love? And if we end up feeling sorry for The Lonelyheart Princesses, the royal story can't be over yet; its magic must still be charming us. ●


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POLITICAL COLUMN

# New Corruption

*The Tories are perverting the idea of democracy. What do the opposition parties offer instead?*

Corruption is not usually a big political issue in Britain. Perhaps there really isn't, by American or Italian or Colombian standards, all that much of it here; though of course official secrecy and ferocious libel laws mean that much goes unrevealed. And what is done elsewhere by the bribe or the backhander is often here "honestly" arranged through the gentleman's club and the old school tie.

*Stephen Howe*

But corruption also has a low profile because our understanding of what it is has narrowed. The very language of public virtue has almost disappeared from our political vocabulary. By "our" I mean mainly the left's, since the New Right employs it constantly, in a shallow and mendacious way. Mrs Thatcher's "Victorian values" and her crass ventures into theology are glaring examples. Yet in a much older sense, which we should recover, hers is a deeply corrupt government.

Often now by corruption we mean merely public servants stealing public money. Sometimes we mean a slightly wider range of official nastiness: governments or their members telling lies, breaking their own rules or their promises. The past week has seen major allegations of both kinds. A Department of the Environment dossier reveals a "financial fiasco" at the Aldermaston nuclear weapons plant. It involves some 58 separate alleged swindles and malpractices by contractors. And on Monday's *Panorama* the former No 10 press secretary, Sir Donald Maitland, charged the government with "pushing" the bounds of probity in its handling of privatisation, especially in its advertising campaigns.

Fiddles by contractors at the Trident plant are obviously corrupt. But by the old republican understanding of the term, the decision to build Trident in the first place could well be called corrupt, and corruptly taken—in its secrecy, the lack of a mandate for it, the outright dishonesty of the official estimates on cost and timing.

The oldest meaning of corruption is of literal rottenness. When applied to politics, it was in Hamlet's sense of something rotten in the state. Then it was the ruler's virtue which kept the community free from corruption. That idea is certainly not dead, but has gone underground, resurfacing in grotesque forms: witness the present hot air about whether Anne Hanover Phillips and Mark Phillips should "set a good example" to the populace. But as democratic and republican ideas emerged they brought a belief that it was the community itself which had virtue. Whatever undermined the community, its peace, its cohesion, its capacity for self-government, was corrupt. Great inequalities of wealth or power could do that, and so could governments which took away the people's capacity to make their own decisions.

Sir Geoffrey Howe, in conversation last Sunday with the ever-obsequious Brian Walden, almost casually illustrated the process. He announced the novel doctrine that "democratic government is government by explanation". Mrs Thatcher, Howe suggested, is a great democratic leader because she explains to people what she is doing.

*The public's response shows there is still awareness that official corruption can seriously threaten the community*

Even if this were true—which it is not, for few leaders have so often gone to such lengths to avoid explaining what they really intend – it would be an outrageous perversion of the idea of democracy. By this criterion Adolf Hitler, who quite lucidly and fully set out his intentions in *Mein Kampf* nine years before gaining power, was a fine democrat.

Sir Geoffrey is evidently not corrupt in the present, narrow sense of the word. But in debasing the democratic ethos he is corrupting the polity in the old civic republican sense. So is much of his government's behaviour. Labour does not challenge this enough, because it shares too much of it.

The Greens are popular largely because they offer a clear conception of civic virtue, a new political morality. Feminists and anti-racists, in their most basic and widely accepted claims, do the same thing; as did once the early ethical socialists. They say that pollution and class inequality, sexism and racism, are incompatible with a shared sense of what a decent society should be, because they are all corrupt and corrupting.

The public's response to these campaigns shows there is still awareness that this kind of official corruption can seriously threaten the community, even if the language now seems quite strange to us.

Labour then has floundered not so much because it has abandoned this or that socialist shibboleth, as the fundamentalists believe; nor because of its failures in economic management, as its right wing (joined by Ken Livingstone in his new book *Livingstone's Labour*) proclaim. Its failure is that it cannot articulate a distinctive morality, free from Thatcher's hollow moralism. Paddy Ashdown, in his book, *Citizens' Britain*, at least makes the attempt, if in uninspiring, leaden prose. Labour's policy review does nothing to fill this hole. Some of its apologists are even proud that it does not. Yet a serious reforming party needs to be able to say something like the following; and with a chance of being believed:

"We don't pretend to know what's best for you, or to be able to do everything for you. That is the old arrogance of state socialism and social democracy, which we have shed.

"We don't claim either to tell you how to behave, or ourselves set a shining example for your behaviour. That is the even older presumption of feudal and religious leaders, which the Tories threaten to revive.

"We will simply tell you the truth as we understand it, not as it suits great economic interests or our media advisers.

"We will try to persuade you of what we think should be done; but having tried we will do what you tell us.

"And we will, by opening up the state and trying to bring unaccountable power centres under democratic control, do our best to make sure you can watch how we do it, and get rid of us if you disapprove.

"Most of all, our main task will be providing resources for you, as communities, to do more of it yourselves."

That is very much what the new Solidarity Prime Minister, Tadeusz Mazowiecki, has begun by telling the Polish people. It could be summed up in a simpler slogan: honesty is the best party policy.



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Clare Jarrett

*The claim that "all men are violent" explains nothing. Lynne Segal argues that such violence has a great deal to do with the humiliations of poverty and racism, and the stresses of class oppression. And neither does she want the aggression of women to be forgotten*

*Lynne Segal's new book, "Slow Motion: Changing Masculinities, Changing Men", will be published by Virago next spring*

ESSAY

# The beast in man

"Your Dad says I have to," a mother informs her five-year-old daughter as she holds her down for the father to rape her (*NSS*, 22 July 1988). The vilest acts of men—rape, child abuse, murder—are featured regularly in *New Statesman & Society* in chilling detail and always make the cover. It is, we learn, the most gentle of men who end up murdering their wives (*NSS*, 7 July 1989). Any man may abuse his child (*NSS*, 22 July 1988). The everyday dream of US pilots is to fuck dead women (*NSS*, 10 June 1988). There is little to



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distinguish the killer-rapist from other men—except perhaps an interest in the martial arts (*NSS*, 4 March 1988).

Yvonne Roberts, Beatrix Campbell, Joan Smith and other feminist writers in this field complain that official reports, like the Butler-Sloss inquiry, fail to emphasise or explain the fact that it is *men*, overwhelmingly, who sexually abuse children, who rape and, predominantly, who murder. They are right. All the more right to insist on this point when the gutter press is still so eager to blame women for the crimes of men. But I am less certain that by simply pointing to the gendered nature of rape, violence and sadistic pornography they thereby *explain them.*

All women have benefited from the work of feminists throughout the 1970s—they successfully exposed the myth that rape was either something women secretly desired, or a rare event perpetuated by sex-crazed maniacs. But by exposing men's denial or tolerance of other men's violence against women and children, and by highlighting the guilty, we are in danger of frightening ourselves, or of allowing others to frighten us, more than ever before.

There are significant reasons why feminist analysis has so far been unwilling to explore why *some* men commit crimes of sex and violence and some men *do not.* It is seen as a reversion to an individualistic form of understanding of men's violence. It is thought to facilitate victim-blaming—if we can differentiate between men, then it can be suggested that some women are more likely to choose violent men—a form of explanation perniciously popular among male (and some female) professionals and social scientists. It is also seen as letting men off the hook. All men are certainly a part of the climate and culture of misogyny which permits violence against women to occur with so very little protest or protection from men. Although a handful of men, now growing in number, have always protested—from John Stuart Mill to pro-feminist men today.

It is right to insist that the cause of violent crimes against women cannot be located simply in pathological individuals. But brutal family backgrounds, the stresses and humiliations of poverty and racism, and the violent subcultures of the majority of convicted rapists, batterers and murderers, are relevant. They further an understanding of which men are most likely to resort to violence, what type of violence they are most likely to display, and which women are most likely to be its targets.

The wider causes of male sexual violence against women must be located in societies which construct "masculinity" in terms of the assertion of heterosexual power; in societies that continue to see sex as sinful, while assuming that it is the role of women to be desired, and of men to desire. But this does not mean that any man could become a batterer, rapist or sex killer.

We need to get to grips with the paradox that while women are mainly afraid of men whom they do not know—a Ripper-like stranger — those women who are physically attacked are generally assaulted by men they do know, and

Clare Jarrett

men they know to be violent. Again, against the grain of much recent feminist reporting, marital rape, for example, has been found to be rare in cases where husbands were not otherwise violent. The most significant common characteristic of women who are battered today is not so much their gender, as their lack of resources to escape marriages which are violent.

That domestic violence is not fatally etched into the male-female relationship is apparent if we look at the different ways of living together which have generated violence. In *Naming the Violence: speaking out about lesbian battery*, various American women write of their experience of violence from other women. "We were so clear about violence as a feature of heterosexual relationships," Barbara Hart announces with dismay, that it was hard to accept that "women were beating and terrorising other women." These women report daily episodes of violence.

Moreover, as with heterosexual violence, other lesbians "shunned the victim", and the battered lesbian tended to blame herself. In addition to psychological and emotional abuse, these battered lesbians were physically assaulted with guns, knives and other weapons, raped, forced to have sex on demand, and sometimes with other people, and driven to involuntary prostitution—as well as economic dependence through their partners' control over income and assets.

Most of the dynamics of lesbian battery seem similar to those of heterosexual violence—in particular, the tendency of women to remain in an abusive relationship because they feel sorry for the abuser: "I still feel sorry for her... She came from a home situation where she was the victim of what ranged from severe neglect to severe violence," writes Donna Cecere of her experience of lesbian battering. "I had returned once again because...she said she had changed... when she held me I felt loved... In those years love was a scarcity and myself hardly lovable," explains Cedar Gentlewind. Most of the lesbian abusers and victims are working-class lesbians, many from ethnic minorities, often already victims of family violence, as well as of the violence and racism which surrounded them.

That women's behaviour, like men's, is influenced by the general level of violence around them is illustrated by the dramatic increase in young women's involvement in crimes of violence over the past 15 years, an increase which, comparatively, exceeds that of



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men. As Anne Campbell argues in *Girl Delinquents*, virtually all our ideas of "femininity" are derived from the middle-class "lady". The Borstal girls Campbell interviewed mostly felt positive about fighting, regarding it as a good way of releasing anger and perhaps settling disputes. As with young male delinquents, most of them had been systematically encouraged to fight by their parents: "In the subcultures from which these girls come... interpersonal violence... is bound up more with establishing and maintaining a tough reputation than with settling disputes."

Campbell is critical of a feminism which can see women only as the victims of *men*, rather than of a whole economic system: "Without more radical change in the *status quo*, we shall succeed only in liberating women into poverty, alienation, despair and crime—along with the men who are there already." Similar points have been made by David Robins in his study of soccer hooliganism, *We Hate Humans*, where, on the terraces, the girls may join in the fighting or encourage the boys to fight.

It is obvious that women can be as aggressive and violent in their behaviour as men. But most women from an early age are made aware of obstacles to the expression of their aggression—if only through the social condemnation of those around them. But to suppress that aggression is not necessarily healthy. Women who disown and repress their anger almost certainly turn their aggressive feelings against themselves, or their children. This is one of the causes of women's greater vulnerability to depression (twice as high as that for men); and their pain can escape through emotional abuse of children. It can also lead, as many therapists have commented, to women projecting their aggression on to others, or on to the world in general, in paranoia, agoraphobia or punitive moral condemnation. (The fact that women are the main readers of true-crime magazines, which provide salacious case histories of the most violent murders, and that they appear in large numbers at the trials of sex-murderers, where they display extremes of punitive moral anger, offers us glimpses of this repressed aggression.)

But, of course, the public fears most the violence of men—especially young, working-class men. Some researchers have stressed that the degree of serious violence, as distinct from ritual violence, on and around the football terraces is exaggerated by the media. But the extent of young men's violence is not merely a media creation. Nor is its association with lower working-class men merely middle-class phobia. Sociological studies (like that of Eric Dunning and his co-workers in *The Roots of Football Hooliganism*) conclusively demonstrate that the men in football gangs are overwhelmingly from the most deprived sections of the working class. Why is this type of aggressive working-class masculinity such a perennial feature of the social environment, feeding today's feminist imagination in its equation of violence as male?

Dunning stresses the homogeneity, circumscribed horizons and narrow loyalties of men who, at best, will find work in low-paid, insecure and monotonous jobs at the bottom of all authority and status hierarchies. In tough manual jobs sex-typed as male, with strongly male-dominated home lives (the equivalent jobs for women of this class, if any, being even less well-paid, lower in status and more insecure), this section of the working class inevitably produces the sharpest sexual divisions: "Apart from the 'street smartness' and the ability and willingness to fight off adolescent and adult males, they have few power resources."

Such an aggressive masculine style is not exclusive to these men, of course. It is part of the fantasy life, if not the lived reality, of the majority of men, enthralled as they are by images of masculinity which equate it with power and violence (where would Clint Eastwood be without his gun?). However, there is no simple, direct transmission from men's shared collective fantasies to individual action. Many social mediators—from school, jobs, friends, family, religion and politics—affect the way fantasies may, or may not, be channelled into any active expression, and determine what form, if any, they take.

It is the sharp and frustrating conflict between the lives of some working-class men and the image of masculinity as power, which in-

> *'We're confronting the barbarism of private life reflecting increased barbarism in public life'*

forms the adoption and, for some, the enactment, of a more physically violent masculinity.

There was a time, it seems to me, when feminists would not so readily have lost sight of the significance of class oppression for the sake of identifying a universal male beastliness. But that was in the early seventies, when they were more active in a politics of the left that showed greater awareness of the alienation and exploitation of class relations.

Our perception of the social and cultural linkages between masculinity and violence derives, at least in part, from the fact that most of the socially approved uses of force and violence are entrusted to men—the police, army, prison officers, and other agencies of "defence" or correction. It is men, rarely women, who are officially trained to use violence in our society. In fact, as the sociologist David Morgan argues in his writing on men's violence, it's possible to reverse the idea of causal links between "masculinity" and "violence". It could be that it is men's socially determined, systematic involvement in various forms of violence that constructs notions of a "masculinity" as indissolubly linked with "violence".

The idea that what is at stake here is *state* violence in the hands of men (rather than, as many feminists believe, *male* violence in the hands of the state) is supported by reports of women's use of force and violence when they are placed in jobs analogous to men's. There are many tales of women's zealous use of force, including coventionally defined acts of violence, when in positions of power.

Nevertheless, it is apparent that some men's formal training in the use of violence is something which can, and from the evidence of women who are battered, frequently does, spill over into their personal relationships with women. It also provides opportunities for men to be particularly vicious to women (and men) in the performance of their public "duties".

Black feminists have been especially clear on the importance of distinguishing state violence from men's violence, aware of white women's past-and-present involvement in violence against them—both directly and indirectly, in the maintenance of racism. The idea prevalent in white feminism—that women "have a peaceful past", as Kum-Kum Bhavnani has argued—is offensive to black women. It is also, she adds, offensive to white working-class women, who have resisted, sometimes violently, attacks on their class; and to the many other women who have fought against violent and oppressive conditions; like the British suffragettes.

There are undoubtedly links between the prevalence of violence in our society and men's endeavours to affirm "masculinity". These links may even be reinforced as the assumption of men's dominance over women—part of the traditional definition of "masculinity"—becomes harder to maintain. Some men, less sure of such dominance, may resort to violence in their attempt to shore up a sense of masculine identity. Others, however, may not. It should be remembered that some men have always worked in organisations committed to non-violence — even when this has provoked harsh ridicule, punishment and even death.

At the same time, there are links between violence and forces which are not those of gender. There are close links, for example, between sexual assaults on women and the steep rise in crimes of violence more generally—the primary targets of which remain other men. They derive from the creation of a permanent under-class in many western societies—an under-class built around dependency, self-destruction, crimes against property and crimes against people. However old-fashioned it may sound in these "post-political" days, what we are confronting here is the barbarism of private life reflecting back the increased barbarism of public life. Contemporary capitalism, however chic it may appear, continues to chisel out its hierarchies along the familiar grooves of class, race and gender.

"Violence", it seems clear to me, cannot be *equated* with "masculinity". Neither are unitary phenomena. Fear of violent attack from men is the number one fear of many women today. But if we want to get to the heart of this fear, and the escalating rates of violence in society, we shall have not simply to include, but also to progress beyond, an analysis in terms of masculinity. ●


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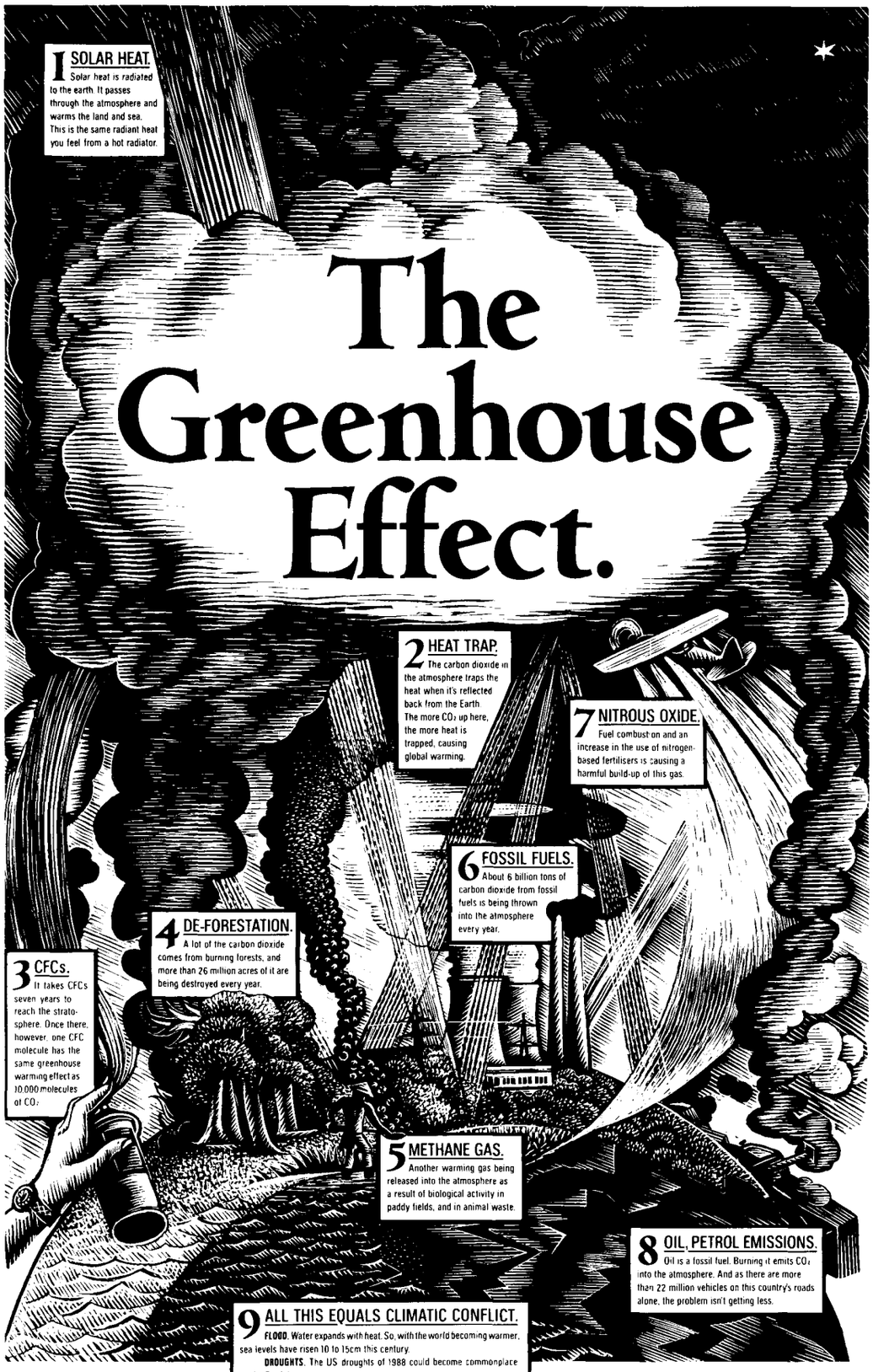
# The Greenhouse Effect.


1 SOLAR HEAT.
Solar heat is radiated to the earth. It passes through the atmosphere and warms the land and sea. This is the same radiant heat you feel from a hot radiator.
2 HEAT TRAP.
The carbon dioxide in the atmosphere traps the heat when it's reflected back from the Earth. The more $CO_2$ up here, the more heat is trapped, causing global warming.
3 CFCs.
It takes CFCs seven years to reach the stratosphere. Once there, however, one CFC molecule has the same greenhouse warming effect as 10,000 molecules of $CO_2$.
4 DE-FORESTATION.
A lot of the carbon dioxide comes from burning forests, and more than 26 million acres of it are being destroyed every year.
5 METHANE GAS.
Another warming gas being released into the atmosphere as a result of biological activity in paddy fields, and in animal waste.
6 FOSSIL FUELS.
About 6 billion tons of carbon dioxide from fossil fuels is being thrown into the atmosphere every year.
7 NITROUS OXIDE.
Fuel combustion and an increase in the use of nitrogen-based fertilisers is causing a harmful build-up of this gas.
8 OIL, PETROL EMISSIONS.
Oil is a fossil fuel. Burning it emits $CO_2$ into the atmosphere. And as there are more than 22 million vehicles on this country's roads alone, the problem isn't getting less.
9 ALL THIS EQUALS CLIMATIC CONFLICT.
FLOOD. Water expands with heat. So, with the world becoming warmer, sea levels have risen 10 to 15cm this century.
DROUGHTS. The US droughts of 1988 could become commonplace as the Earth hots up.

OVER the last couple of years, the Greenhouse Effect has become one of the world's hottest topics.

But actually, it's nothing new.

Since the mid 1800's there have been warnings about how increased levels of carbon dioxide in the atmosphere can affect our climate.

It acts rather like glass in a greenhouse.

The sun's rays pass through it to Earth, but then it traps some of the heat that would otherwise be radiated back into space.

And this is the problem. Too little carbon dioxide in the atmosphere and we freeze. Too much and we get overheated.

Which is exactly what's been happening.

## Things are hotting up.

In the last 100 years, the Earth has warmed up by more than half a degree.

That may not seem like a lot. But geologists have observed that changes of minute fractions of a degree can cause glaciers to advance or decline.

The net result could mean rising sea levels all around the globe.

Some scientists believe that a rise of between 20 centimetres and 1½ metres can be predicted by the year 2030.

Certain areas of the world would return to marsh and swampland.

A rise of just a foot would drown the sandy beaches of the US Gulf and Atlantic coasts.

A three foot rise would flood a sixth of Egypt's arable land, making 8 million homeless. Not to mention the 15 million that would lose their homes in Bangladesh.

Venice could even disappear.

And parts of London would become a swamp (not unlike the Late Pleistocene period when the hippopotamus was a native of the Thames Valley).

However, this rather dismal scenario is by no means definite.

## Must act now.

Just as man has been responsible for polluting the atmosphere, he should be responsible for cleaning it up.

Scientists are beginning to acknowledge that carbon dioxide from fossil fuels is the single largest waste product of modern times.

It is also a major contributor to the Greenhouse Effect.

Others include chlorofluorocarbons (CFCs).



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# We have the power to help prevent it.

which are found in aerosols and refrigerators. Also, methane which comes from various natural bacteria processes and the burning of tropical rain forests.

So, the simple answer to halting the Greenhouse Effect is to stop producing these gases responsible for it.

**What can be done?**

Naturally, this is easier said than done, but a start is being made.

Governments are trying to phase out the use of CFCs, so that by the end of the century, no products will contain them.

Further losses of the rainforests must be stemmed and new trees planted.

We must continue with energy conservation. Along with lead free petrol and catalytic converters, how about the 100 miles-a-gallon car? Current prototypes can do 80mpg.

Dams, windmills and tidal barrages are beginning to be taken more seriously, although a wind-farm the size of Greater Manchester would be needed to replace a single power station.

And what of fossil fuels?

As the majority of our power comes from burning them, can we afford to stop? Or even slow down?

The fact is, we're going to have to conserve them anyway. Because our fossil fuels won't last forever. And they're not being replaced.

**Nuclear alternative?**

Fortunately, we do already have a secure source of clean energy for the future.

Nuclear power.

At BNFL, we believe that it has an important role to play in a balanced energy policy for this country. Not only that, it has an important role to play in the environment.

In France and Belgium, for example, they generate more than two-thirds of their electricity from nuclear power.

This has helped to reduce their output of carbon dioxide faster than in the rest of Europe. In Britain, we could do the same. And we must.

So sure are we of a nuclear future, that BNFL is currently investing £1½ million a day at Sellafield.

We are equally sure of the role we can play in the environment.

Naturally, we'd expect you to weigh up the arguments for and against.

Then, ask yourself a simple question: Are the others offering really workable alternatives?

**BRITISH NUCLEAR FUELS PLC.**



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# Continental drift

*European integration will not turn your High Street into a Gran Via, but it should benefit shop staff, reports Mike George*

**Benetton leads the field in multinational marketing, but will others follow suit?**

"There are 50 million kids in Europe, and they have converging lifestyles in music, designer labels and Big Macs. The international market is a reality and consumers are becoming more similar globally." This view, expressed by the president of international operations of the retail chain, Toys R Us, reflects one of the distinctive approaches to the global marketplace so beloved of the IBMs and Fords of this world. We aren't likely to end up with a standard Eurosausage or Eurobeer, but will the single European market increase standardisation, and will it matter to the consumer?

The food and retailing sector certainly figure in the single European market debate at the Trade Union Congress this week. Here, as in other sectors, the unions are concerned about the implications for workers of the Single European Act. The TUC is looking for ways of creating more pan-European cooperation among unions, to get to grips with company behaviour within the 1992 programme.

Fashion chain Benetton is, of course, *the* footloose retailer, selling the same or similar products from Italy to Poland, from the UK to Hungary. With its very strong design-based marketing strategy this transnational mimics some of the major car manufacturers. The Ikea furniture shops have also tried to combine distinctive design-based marketing concepts with international retail operations. To a lesser extent the same is true of the clothing and interiors group Laura Ashley. Worldwide mass merchandising brings huge economies of scale, though at the same time it demands very strong management control systems at almost all levels of the business.

Yet none of Europe's top 20 retailing groups operates in this way. The biggest of all—Germany's Tengelmann group—racks up most of its £10 billion a year income from its home market. The second biggest, Spar, does operate in more than one country, but gets most of its £9 billion a year just from the Netherlands and Britain. Although few of the top 20 rely wholly on their domestic markets, they are hardly transnationals in the accepted sense of the term. Outward investment is commonly undertaken through franchising—the lowest-risk route for retailers.

At the same time, the retail majors are seldom accused of being laggards. In Britain they have frequently been the stars of the financial markets over the past decade (six of Britain's 20 biggest firms are retailers). Furthermore, those corporations which rely heavily on food and household products—the mainstream retailers—have become especially attractive, as their financial performance is far less sensitive to economic downturns than many other companies. Firms like Sainsbury's and Marks and Spencer have truly become national institutions, and show regular profits growth.

UK retail majors are assumed to be among the most efficient and aggressive corporations in Europe. This is certainly so in terms of profit-making. But although some have limited operations in the US, fewer still have any significant presence in mainland Europe. The Sears group (Selfridges, Saxone, Warehouse, Lilley & Skinner, Millets), featuring Norman Tebbit on the board, gets just 4 per cent of its profits from Europe, compared with 95 per cent from the UK.

Boots obtains just 5.8 per cent of its income from Europe, and Marks & Spencer 2.5 per cent of sales income from EC countries. The Storehouse corporation (British Home Stores, Habitat, Heal's, Mothercare, Richard Shops) recently closed down its Mothercare outlets in Germany, and now relies almost solely on franchised BHS operations in Europe. Big retail firms like Tesco, Kingfisher (Woolworth, B&Q, Comet) and Gateway have little or no presence outside the UK.

On the other hand, the UK is a potentially attractive proposition for the larger European multiple store groups. Britain operates far less stringent planning regulations than do many European countries. We positively encourage hypermarkets and malls to set up outside city centres, whereas some European countries forbid such developments.

Wages and labour costs are certainly lower than those elsewhere in northern Europe, and



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there are fewer regulations on working hours and patterns than in many other countries (including on Sunday working). The larger retail groups have increasingly exerted control over suppliers: a situation much sought after by European retailers.

Britain has the added attraction that, according to a recent Coopers and Lybrand/Oxford Institute of Retail Management report on 1992, "...in general, continental consumers are sophisticated, discriminating and critical and do not show the tolerance to poor standards and inconveniences that the British do".

Yet, so far, continental retailers have made very few efforts to enter the UK marketplace. The 1992 programme should offer them advantages, such as VAT and excise duty approximation (for example, lowering the price of cigarettes in the UK), and harmonisation of advertising, labelling and product standards. Proposed EC legislation should also help cross-border mergers and joint ventures. Regulation encouraging new, so-called, European Economic Interest Groupings is almost tailor-made for the formation of cross-border buying groups. Last, but not least, deregulation of terrestrial and satellite TV is expected to offer more advertising airtime at lower cost.

Retail groups can hardly complain about these single European market regulations. But on the other hand, if the so-called Social Dimension in the European process is developed, then low pay, regulation of hours and holidays, child labour and training standards will all come under scrutiny. A common framework of regulation could be introduced throughout the EC. This would affect most retail workers, who are at the bottom of the wages and conditions league in most countries, the UK included.

So while UK high street or hypermarket developments are unlikely to include many continental retailers in the near future, the 1992 programme may affect the retail workforce. Nearly two and a half million people work in retailing in this country, of whom a million are part-timers—some 20 per cent of women under 20 work in retailing. Low pay is common, and conditions for part-timers often very poor.

Compared to France and Germany, for instance, training standards are also low. Over 100,000 German school-leavers a year pass comprehensive vocational tests in retailing, around 15,000 a year pass similar tests in France, but the British equivalent is 1,650 a year.

Capital concentration in retail trades has tended to increase casual work among women in these occupations, but the 1992 programme may also include stricter regulation of wages and other conditions. These contradictions could upgrade shopwork, while downgrading jobs among suppliers, which also employ many women in relatively low-status occupations. The European Commission discussed in July a special report that emphasised poor employment conditions in Europe, particularly for women and part-time workers. This document is expected to give a boost to social legislation. So rather than changing the face of our high streets and hypermarkets, 1992 may instead be a vehicle for the pursuit of better jobs.

*Housing*

# Short and sweet

*Richard Woulfe reports on the world of houseproud nomads*

Over the past year homelessness among young people, especially in London, has turned into a permanent scandal. Next week the Centrepoint shelter in Soho, which caters for 1,500 users each year, moves to improved premises. Meanwhile, housing groups wait anxiously for the results of a government review that may further restrict access to council housing stock. But there is another, little publicised answer to the search for a roof available to single people on low incomes not covered by homelessness legislation: short-life accommodation.

Giving empty council properties to housing groups for limited periods began in London in the late sixties. Initially the impetus came from homeless people forced to squat who wanted security of tenure. Short-life co-ops expanded and became better organised in many cities, mainly in inner London where housing shortages are more acute, and now provide for 50,000 members. But the recent Housing Act threatens their success by opening up the possibility of sale to private landlords.

At present councils always have unoccupied stock in poor condition that requires money to bring it to a standard they deem habitable. Because of government restrictions on capital expenditure by local authorities, funding is not available. Consequently, they cannot be let to families and some are given to short-life co-ops.

Passing control to short-life groups is mutually advantageous. Empty houses pay no rates; co-ops do. As responsible tenants they renovate the properties and act as caretakers against squatters. Alternatively, when council houses are vacated, private companies install anti-vandal security. Metal doors and windows ensure nobody attempts to break in, at a cost of about £200 a month. Existing tenants see their estates blighted with these barricades. How much better to have people, rather than aluminium shields as neighbours.

Short-life tenants benefit by paying only rates and a fee to the co-op for administration and basic repairs. The privacy of your own room and a separate kitchen to share may seem a modest requirement but, with ever increasing rent in private sector housing, it is beyond the means of many. To be offered this space and asked to decorate it is both a gain and a challenge.

Nina Spencer joined Brent Community Housing co-op (BCH) in January 1979. Previously in a squat, she wanted an address with legal respectability. Along with three others, she was given four days notice of allocation of a building in north London. It had no windows, not even window frames, floorboards were missing, the stairs had collapsed, and a section of the roof afforded a clear vision of the sky. There was no electrical wiring or running water. During the early winter days, all four occupants huddled by candlelight in the only habitable room.

Repairs kept out rain and cold. The group became amateur carpenters, glaziers and plumbers, began work on the roof and proceeded through the house. One year later it had become a home with private rooms, gas and lighting. The council sent a month's notice for repossession. Short-life always carries this frustration. Nina was moved four times. Yet she believes conditions have improved since she joined. "We were naive then," she explains. "BCH was grateful to accept housing in any dilapidated state, now we expect longer-term agreements for run-down properties."

Short-life members accept they have to carry out repairs, share facilities with each other, and must move frequently. Thus it is more suited to single people than families, to young rather than old. It is for those not considered high priority for council housing, yet can neither afford a mortgage nor private sector rents. Councils' efforts to fill property "voids" with homeless or rehoused families—and empty stock in London has fallen by 20 per cent since 1984—thus has harmful side-effects for this less visible group of home-seekers.

Though they do not advertise, co-ops have

long waiting lists. This popularity illustrates the extent of the housing problem. Many prospective members have to wait two years or more. Co-ops never default on handbacks, as it would damage relations with councils. Displaced members are rehoused before those on the waiting list. Unless there is a continuous supply of new properties the list remains static.

BCH has begun to diversify its suppliers. Most of its empty properties previously came from Brent Council. Now it takes 60 per cent from housing associations. This is unusual. Short-life groups in other areas rely almost exclusively on councils. But Poll Tax liability—calculated on a daily basis—will inflate the cost of short-life living if tenants appear on the register. Meanwhile, councils come under political pressure to install permanent residents. For short-lifers, the window of opportunity that has kept them off the streets, and their homes in good order may rapidly close.


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*Race*

# Open verdicts

*Yasmin Alibhai on the blacks who die after arrest*

In recent weeks, three Afro-Caribbean men have died following encounters with the police in London. Twenty-two-year-old Jamie Stewart died at Holloway police station, an hour after being taken there for questioning about his car. Edwin Carr, 39, died after police at Carter Street police station in south London took him away for questioning. Vincent Graham, 40, allegedly knifed himself while being chased by police in Islington.

These deaths join a long line of incidents, most unconvincingly explained so far as the British black population is concerned—1986: Stephen Bogle, 27, died in court after being moved from Leman Street police station, Hackney; Antony Lenard, 36, died after being arrested by Notting Hill police; 1987: Clinton McCurbin died while being arrested in Wolverhampton; Nennah Jalloh fell from the fourth floor window of Marylebone police station and died; Mohammed Parkit, 54, died in hospital after questioning at Marylebone about his immigration status; Tunay Hassan died after being questioned at Dalston police station; 1988: Samuel Carew, 22, died at Carter Street after being arrested; Oakley Ramsey, 25, died at Walsall after arrest; 1989: Dukey Daley, 24, was found hanged at Marylebone station.

There are many other cases, and the families of these victims have no faith that there has been any attempt to find out the truth. The sister of one victim is petrified of being identified because she says the police will be knocking on her door forever more. "They found an open verdict. What does that mean? In the inquest all the evidence comes from the police anyway, they lie, what good does it do?" Most black people share this dismay, fear and suspicion.

What conclusions can be reached about the reasons for these deaths? The predigested responses suggest to already suspicious families that the police have something to hide, and that might be their own brutality. Often, the dead men's families' fears stem from black people's experiences with police officers. When communities are living under the racist threat, such experiences only deepen their sense of vulnerability. They do not accept the comfortable explanation of a few "bad eggs" in the force. The Gifford enquiry into police attitudes in Liverpool, for example, has pronounced too many of those eggs unbelievably bad. Last week's post-Carnival disturbances in Notting Hill will stoke local hostilities. At the same time, racial attacks have escalated in Camden, Harrow, Bradford, and Manchester, and black communities feel over-policed and undefended.

A 1983 Policy Studies Institute report on policing in London showed that young black men can expect to be stopped on average five times a year—substantially more often than white men. For years, Stoke Newington police station has

*There has never been a single prosecution of a police officer following an inquest*

been notorious for its treatment of blacks, and in 1984, Colin Roach was found shot to death at the entrance. Last month an African woman succeeded in a private prosecution against an ex-officer from the station who had subjected her to anal rape.

Nicola Williams of the Society of Black Lawyers believes that as the black presence in Britain gets more assertive, more conflict will occur. "We took a lot before, but now we are more vociferous and we are using the legal system." With this backdrop of mistrust, black communities do put the worst interpretations on police actions, even though the clear-up rate for racial crimes has improved from 22 per cent to 33 per cent. Deaths in custody still cause sinister suspicions to take root.

In reply, police authorities offer reassurance. "It is not in our interests to be perceived as racists," responds a Scotland Yard source. Paul Mathias, the chief superintendent at Holloway police station, where Jamie Stewart died, says: "I am personally affected by this, we are not blasé about it at all. But we try to reassure the communities by not withholding any information. Some people, of course, have an interest in seeing the worst in us."

There is evidence that police react to these accusations in damagingly defensive ways. The ex-officer, David Scott, who gave evidence at the Gifford enquiry was arrested and harassed. Colin Roach's family was not left in peace for years. And the initial responses to deaths in custody cause serious anxieties. Makbool Javaid, the lawyer handling the cases of Stewart and Graham, warns: "The manner in which the police are releasing information and the way in which it is reported opens them up to the allegation that they are deliberately trying to influence the inquest." Often this information consists of unproven innuendoes about drug addiction which blames the victims and causes terrible distress to the families.

The Police Complaints Authority, which investigates such cases, is also treated warily. There has never been a single prosecution of a police officer following an inquest. The PCA says that the ethnic origin of those who die in custody is not recorded because it is "irrelevant to the effectiveness of the enquiry". Tony Ward of Inquest, the voluntary organisation which helps bereaved families, says that it is not true that an unusually high number of blacks die in

*Welfare Watch*

# Unfair shares

*Tony Lynes takes a French lesson in equal rights*

It is firmly established in British social security law that while heterosexual unmarried couples may in some circumstances—usually where it is to their disadvantage—be treated as if they were married, gay couples never can. A recent judgment by the French supreme court, discussed by lawyer Jean-Jacques Dupeyroux in *Le Monde* (29 August), confirms that the same principle applies in France.

The case in question was that of a woman who claimed entitlement to medical services by virtue of her female partner's insurance contributions. Since 1978, an unmarried wife can claim on her partner's insurance if she is wholly dependent on him but, the court decided, a partner of the same sex cannot.

This particular problem does not arise in Britain since access to the NHS does not depend on payment of contributions. But the question of gay partners' entitlement to benefit from each other's contributions still arises. A wife can draw a pension at 60 on her husband's insurance and a widow's pension if he dies, but a homosexual partner of either sex has no comparable rights. There are additions to unemployment and sickness benefits for a wife or husband but not for a permanent partner of the same sex.

The real anomaly, in Dupeyroux's view, lies in the treatment of wives (and in some cases husbands) as permanent dependents. The underlying assumption is that wives spend part of their working life bringing up children and therefore depend financially on their husbands. Homosexual couples, on the other hand, are usually childless.

But married couples may also be childless. A woman who marries in her fifties and whose husband dies soon after is entitled to a widow's pension for the rest of her life. Yet the surviving member of an unmarried couple, heterosexual or homosexual, has no such entitlement, even if the couple have spent their adult lives together, and the survivor has nursed the deceased partner through a long illness.

It is easy to condemn this as unfair discrimination, but there is no case for piling one anomaly on another by treating all couples in a steady sexual relationship as if they were married with children. The solution lies in protecting the social security rights of parents and other carers, whether married or not and regardless of sexual orientation. And that would mean, in the long run, taking away some of the rights which childless married couples now illogically enjoy.

Correction: Imperfect fax transmission made the information about DSS leaflets and technical guides in last week's *Welfare Watch* incomplete and inaccurate. Leaflets aimed at categories of claimants should have included parents (FB27, not 26), sick or disabled (FB28), unemployed (FB9), part-time workers (FB26), school leavers and students (FB23). The free technical guides should have included, as well as those mentioned (on income support, family credit, maternity benefits, disability benefits and appeals), housing benefit (RR2), the social fund (SB16), pensions (NP46) and widows' benefits (NP45).



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Andrew Moore/Reflex

**The Wolverhampton shop where Clinton McCurbin died**

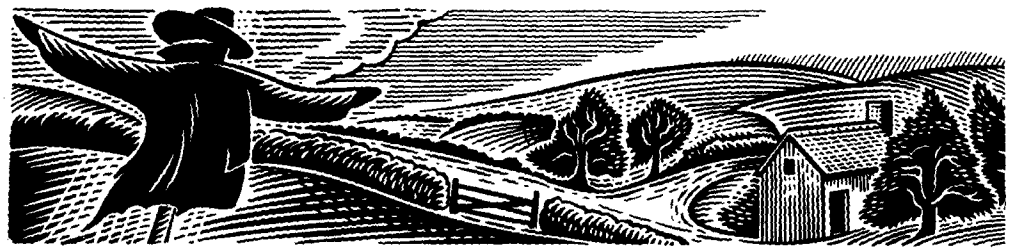
custody, but that the causes of death are often controversial.

Officers' assumptions about black violence will influence their treatment of suspects. One recently told me: "I would almost automatically use greater force when restraining a black man. They are more violent, even the women." A different police strategy goes into operation in black areas. This "public order" approach can mean a terrifying street presence, with Notting Hill top of the cops for now. Often these involve faceless squads such as the District Special Unit. Even Paul Mathias at Holloway station believes that his area is "stable" and can enjoy "normal policing", because there are fewer blacks there than elsewhere.

Paul Gordon of the Runnymede Trust suggests that black fears would be allayed by an independent local panel with rights to inspect police stations and carry out investigations. The national Black Caucus will be calling for this measure at a conference this month.

Meanwhile, blacks' daily exposure to police racism means that official accounts of suspicious deaths feed existing distrust. In his book on the police, *Talking Blues*, Roger Graef quotes Rose, 80 and almost blind, who lives alone in Notting Hill and is desperately vulnerable. She, who once loved the British Bobby, is today full of bitterness: "One of them tried to help me when my bag fell down," she says. "I spat at him and told him to be off. They wish blacks was dead anyway."

# FRINGE BENEFITS



*Colin Ward argues with Harry the sweep — who blames everything on Arther Scargill*

I used to use our drain rods and the right kind of brush to sweep our chimneys. But the chimney sweep from one of the local towns has better equipment and does it in half the time. I'm happy to join his queue. He gets more work than he can take up, as the agonies of VAT returns make it sensible for him to keep his one-man business below that tax threshold.

I like to question him about the economics of self-employment. But he always likes to lecture me on the economics of the coal industry. As the disposer of some of its waste products he has, of course, every reason to be interested. He has a round of smallholders waiting for his bags of soot.

For several years past I have been arguing with him about the miners' strike. He takes the view that Arthur Scargill led his forces, without bothering to take a vote, into a trap carefully prepared for him by the then NCB and the government. I always oppose him, even though I held this view at the time with the result that all my friends called me a Thatcherite pig.

The reason why I argue with Harry is that his own evidence shows that the subsequent closures would have happened regardless of the actions of the miners. Not only the NCB but every other dealer in solid fuel already had a growing trade in coal from all over the world. It came either from countries where labour was cheap, or where a government subsidy encouraged exports.

During the strike these imports increased dramatically at a variety of east coast ports, including little places like Wivenhoe. There, Essex University students, when not demonstrating on behalf of the NUM, could push a barrow through the street and pick up their winter fuel supply which quite genuinely fell off the backs or over the sides of the lorries that roared through the town.

Their barrow-loads would consist of coal not only from West Germany and Poland, but also from South Africa, and even high-quality anthracite from the People's Republic of China, which was sold to merchants—according to Harry—at prices 40 per cent lower than the trade price of the Welsh variety. The ordinary consumers are never told where their fuel comes from, and imports, while not as frenetic as they were during the strike, have stayed well above the pre-strike level.

Harry's experienced eye can tell what kind of fuel the customer uses. He correctly identified the allegedly smokeless reconstructed briquettes we buy, just from the residue. They are inevitably imported, and for once Harry blamed this not on the miners but on the former NCB. He claims that because of our failure to invest in plant, British coal dust was exported to West Germany for processing and reimported here at more than seven times the price.

When he came for his annual visit a fortnight ago, I'd actually hoped that we could explore the whole business of being self-employed and solvent. But once we had discussed the kinds of really flavoursome tomatoes that he and my neighbours grow, too good for the trade to offer the ordinary consumer, we were back on the subject of coal.

I wanted to stay off it, just to avoid an argument, but it was the day after British Coal had announced the closure of the last Kentish colliery, giving as the reason that too few men turned up on the previous Saturday to make weekend working possible. Harry, of course, blamed this on Arthur Scargill. I claimed that it was simply an excuse for closures intended anyway, and I managed to divert him into telling me that the Kentish seams were only discovered by accident in borings long ago for an earlier version of the Channel Tunnel.

This led us to the safe ground of geological faults and anomalies, and to the colliery at Brora in north-east Scotland. This was a drift mine exploiting a fault on the Duke of Sutherland's ground. It was one of those pits not thought worth keeping when coal was nationalised, and the miners formed a co-op to buy it through weekly deductions from their pay. All went well and small local industries, like clay flowerpot-making, took advantage of the cheap local fuel. Then in the early 1970s, North Sea oil brought the building of the oil rig at nearby Nigg. The pit closed, and the clay-firing works closed, as the miners went off to new jobs at three times the earnings on the rig. Once the structure was built, they lost them.

"There you are," said Harry, "everyone's too greedy." So I asked how he, as a family man, made out on his chimney-sweeping earnings. "Well," he replied, "my wife has this little job, and I have this office-cleaning contract in the evenings."

Since I'd learned that he was also a keen gardener, I asked if he ever had any time just to relax. "If you want your own freedom," he said, "there's always a price to pay."



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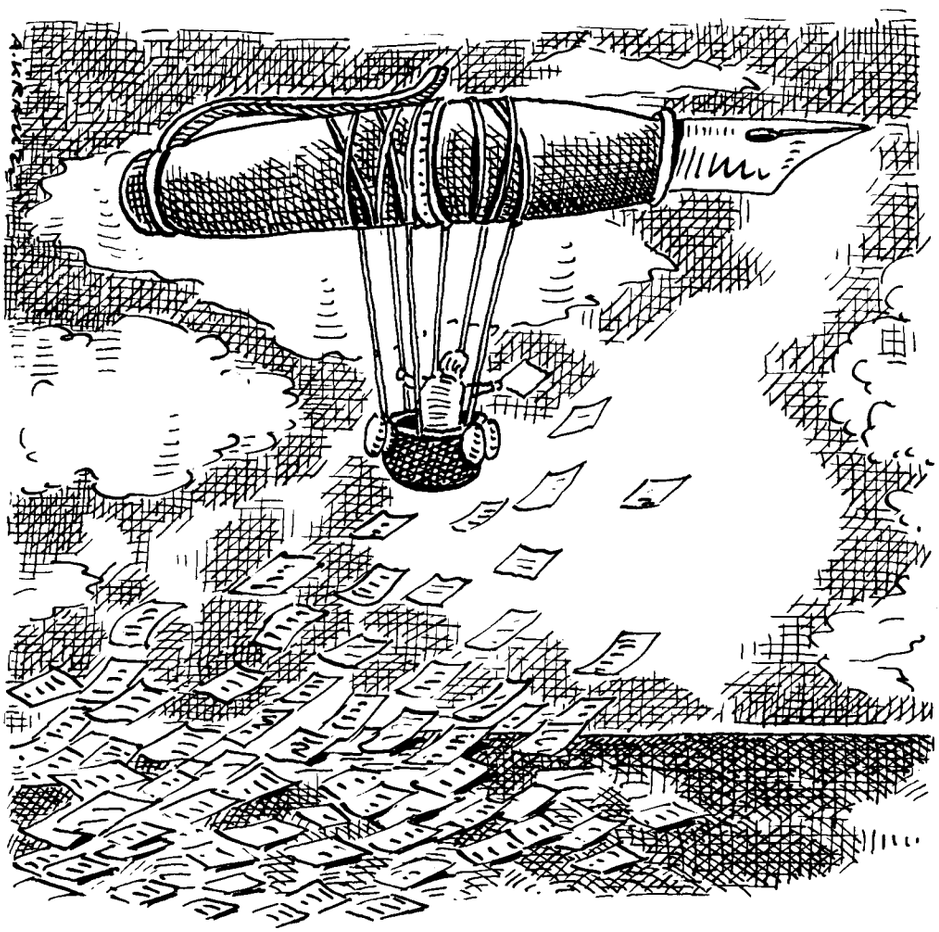

# The good, the bad and the bestseller

**THE HAUNTED STUDY: A SOCIAL HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH NOVEL 1875-1914**
**Peter Keating**
Secker & Warburg £30

*Michael Wood*

We write a lot of literary history with our eyes half-closed, squinting only at masterpieces. More precisely, we think of it in this way, since we have scarcely been writing it at all. Good criticism can be historical, of course and often is. But criticism and history are different things; and once literary study came effectively to mean criticism (rather than philology, say, or biography or textual scholarship), these different practices, institutionalised in various ways, often found themselves quite starkly separated. The currently fashionable New Historicism is a slightly baffling attempt to put this Humpty Dumpty together again; baffling in part because it hasn't always been clear that having Humpty look so brilliantly and so resolutely in one direction—towards the work of literature itself, away from context and politics and the market—really was tantamount to having him fall off the wall.

This is not a new event, as Peter Keating shows with the sense of the long perspective which characterises his very good book. We can't blame it on I A Richards or the New Criticism; still less on structuralism or its infants. In 1913 Quiller-Couch told the audience at his Cambridge inaugural lecture that the true purpose of the study of English Literature was not the acquisition of knowledge, however helpful that might be, but the "refining of critical judgment". Leavis would make very different judgments, but agree on the purpose.

Keating ends with a reminder that many of the people who used to be readers have now become students, and that students are the only readers many books have. From the end of the last century, he says, "the survival of the best fiction would now depend, for the first time in its long and popular history, on...students being properly trained to appreciate it". This is an exaggeration: the survival of the best fiction also depends on the good fiction which is written in its wake, and on the diffuse non-academic readership which in many ways is now more alive than ever. But the exaggeration does point to an important shift. If students had not kept coming to *Ulysses*, it might well not be there now for readers; we can't imagine saying the same for *Great Expectations*.

In this respect Keating's story is a sad one, and the history of the novel resembles the history of the cinema. The market grew immensely as the last century ended, and some authors made a lot of money. But only some authors; and blockbusters began to look necessary for mere survival. There is a horrible sense of missed chances here, but it's hard to know where the fault lies. With the middle-brow writers who couldn't face the complexities of the age? With the high-brow writers who couldn't lessen the complexities of their prose? With the age itself and all its conflicting, muddled and evaded demands? In any case the cultural failure was severe, and still haunts us. One of the chief factors was a fear of democracy, the equality of access to suffrage and education which the British managed neither to prevent nor actually to want. Self-censorship in sexual matters, as Keating shows, reflected a general political unease, or what he calls in another context "ideological touchiness", and will stand for many similar timidities. It is astonishing what writers were asked to cut out of their texts, even more astonishing what cuts they agreed to.

Keating traces in great detail the job of being a writer in this period, and looks at the shifting constitution of the readership; what he calls "the changing business of literature". His central chapters are thematic, and concern the age's sense of its rebellion against the past, the collapse of the family, the challenge to sexual reticence, the documentary impulse, and the assorted aspirations that went into the development of genre fiction. It would be easy, in such a book, to fall into rambling narrative or tendentious selection, but Keating avoids both snares.

You feel he has lived among this material for a long time, knows the literary country well enough to feel relaxed in it, and is clear about what he wants to show us. The importance of Samuel Butler, for example; the odd liaison between Darwinism and the expanding franchise. He is very good at summarising complex movements or moments without simplifying them, as in these snap definitions of two very



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vexed words: "modern (of their time and often crucially necessary to it) but not yet modernist (committed exponents of radically new artistic methods appropriate to an age of collapsed values)". Or this comment on the importance of *A Doll's House*: "Excepting Queen Victoria, Ibsen's heroine was probably the most famous woman in late Victorian Britain, within literary and intellectual circles at least."

The period Keating is studying is often regarded as an age of transition, and Keating treats this notion with quite proper scepticism. But then he both endorses and undermines it in an interesting way. Endorses it, because transition is not an idea that posterity has dumped on the age, but one of the major terms in which the age thought about itself; undermines it, because the transition, whatever it may be from or to, began earlier than we think (the crucial shift being not from Victorian to Modern but from mid- to late-Victorian) and is not yet over, since we are still battling with all the issues, political, sexual, educational, technological, which the late nineteenth century took to be transitory. The effect of this argument is less to make our forbears look up-to-date than to make us look retarded and forgetful. It certainly clears up the question of what our currently celebrated Victorian values are: the edgy sentiments of a property owner on the eve of the Second Reform Bill of 1867, the person who half-knew that his world was never to be the same again.

Keating doesn't squint only at masterpieces—doesn't squint at all—and he has some subtle comments on turn-of-the-century best-sellers, engaging but deceptive works which peddled the very certainties the age knew it was losing, provided us with gallant icons like Zenda and the Scarlet Pimpernel. But he doesn't slight masterpieces either, and his history, to put Humpty Dumpty together again in a rather different way, is critically conservative, leaves all the old masters in their places, and doesn't add any new ones.

Perhaps the evidence won't allow another conclusion, but I did hope, perhaps sentimentally, that some of the popular literature of the period might have been revalued, as Hollywood movies have usefully been revalued. Aren't there *any* equivalents of Welles' *Touch of Evil* or Hawks's *Bringing Up Baby* down there in the dust? I certainly paused over Keating's statement of the "simple fact" that the period had "no women novelists of a literary stature remotely comparable to that of James, Conrad, Hardy, Meredith, Bennett, Wells, Gissing, or a dozen other men". That casual dozen seems very hard to take. There was a "great tradition" of women novelists, Keating says, from the eighteenth century to the death of George Eliot in 1880, then a gap until Woolf's *The Voyage Out* in 1915. Keating's subsequent distinctions almost persuade me that this gap is some sort of fact, and that it helps to account for the weird masculinity of Modernism, born with most of its features intact in just this interval. But it can't be a simple fact; and "literary stature" is surely a huge question—especially if we want to go on believing that some writers, although not necessarily always the same writers, are better than others.

# The laager party

**THE AFRIKANERS: THEIR LAST GREAT TREK**
**Graham Leach**
Macmillan £14.95

*Adam Kuper*

The Afrikaner monolith split irredeemably in 1982 when a reformed, purified ultra-nationalist Conservative Party broke away from the Nationalist Party. Graham Leach, the Southern Africa correspondent for BBC radio from 1983 until 1989, conveys the tensions and uncertainties of Africa's most tribal people as it loses its faith.

The Conservative Party preaches a return to the certainties of apartheid, but its appeal is concentrated among rural Transvaalers and unskilled workers from the Witwatersrand. Nevertheless the CP will take many seats from the Nationalists this week. P W Botha's spiteful and unprincipled sabotage of his own party on the eve of the election gave them a spectacular boost. They will also benefit from the old Nationalist strategy of creating rotten rural boroughs to undercut the more liberal urban constituencies. They will probably still fail to force a hung parliament, but if they do succeed then the Nationalist Party is likely to split again, producing a Transvaal-based coalition between the Conservatives and the right-wing of the Nationalists.

In the longer perspective, the Nationalists have been even more fundamentally damaged by defections from within the Afrikaner elite. The Dutch Reformed Church today condemns apartheid. Leading political figures have defected to a new liberal parliamentary grouping, the Democrats. The intellectuals have increasingly abandoned white politics as irrelevant, leaving Afrikaner nationalism bereft of purpose and direction.

Because the party was the vehicle of a nationalist movement, the break has been painful for individuals, dividing families, eroding the community of Afrikanerdom. Leach portrays the political scientist, Hermann Giliomee, writing a letter to prepare his parents for his defection from the party. Until they reached the last page, they thought he was winding himself up to announce that he was divorcing his wife.

Bled of its faith, led by opportunists, the Nationalist Party has become the spokesman for the soft centre of white South Africa. Its electoral appeal is muted and uncertain. In past elections the Nationalists could stampede the electorate into their laager by warning of a "total Communist onslaught". No longer. With the retreat from Angola and Namibia and the end of the cold war, the electors have placed economic concerns at the head of their agenda for the first time in a generation. This is bad luck for F W de Klerk, since the military and political adventures of the past decade have almost relegated the economy into the banana republic league. After years of pooh-poohing the boycott movement, F W is reduced to blaming international sanctions for the havoc his party has wreaked. The ineluctable conclusion of this argument is that the next government will have to negotiate its way out of the current mess.

And however much they wriggle, the Nats know that they will have to negotiate with the ANC after the election. For its part the ANC, concerned about the continuation of Soviet support, expelled from Zambia and uncertain of the loyalty of the other Front Line States, prepares for negotiations and nervously waits upon the unknown policies of a free Nelson Mandela. This is also a time of realignment for black South Africans.

# The red and the black

**OUT OF HIS SKIN: THE JOHN BARNES PHENOMENON**
**Dave Hill**
Faber £4.99 £10.99

*Clive Davis*

One of the best jokes about football, rehashed in Dave Hill's book, is the old one about the first Protestant to turn out for Glasgow Celtic in an "Old Firm" match against Rangers. Throughout the first half, the Rangers fans go out of their way to taunt him even more savagely than the rest of the side. Stunned by the sheer hatred directed at him, he receives a slap on the back from one of his team-mates: "Don't worry," he says, "You'll get used to it." To which the Protestant replies: "It's all right for you to say that—you *are* a Fenian bastard."

Bigotry is still a part of the national game: the Nazi salutes and the cascades of bananas which greet black players on the field are ample proof of that. Amid all the post-Heysel, post-Hillsborough recriminations, it's tempting to assume that there's nothing new to say about football culture. Hill's absorbing study of the Liverpool forward John Barnes is therefore doubly welcome. Though Barnes declined to cooperate in the writing of the book, Hill has made the most of limited resources, pulling together interviews with fellow-players, officials and coaches. Travelling to home and away matches, he gives something approaching an insider's view of life on the terraces. It is not a pretty sight.

The main theme, of course, is how Barnes has adjusted to life at a club which had previously shown little interest in attracting black talent—not to mention black spectators from Liverpool 8. Beyond that, there is the wider question of whether English football will ever rid itself of the neanderthal element—whether, in fact, it really wants to. Hill's conclusions are far from encouraging. The people who run the clubs, he argues, are as blinkered and ignorant as the worst of the hooligans: "Scratch the surface of the men in the directors' boxes and find the same attitudes to women, to foreigners,


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the same stolid stereotypes about what it is to be a man. Often the only difference between the chairman and the thug is that the thug knows more about the team."

Born in Jamaica, Barnes enjoyed a privileged childhood as the son of an Army colonel. He came to London in 1976 when his father was appointed Jamaica's military attaché. Such a sheltered background must have been a factor in his relaxed approach to racial pressures. Unlike Howard Gayle, who in 1977 began a short-lived run as Liverpool's first black professional, Barnes seems able to play down questions of colour. Hill recalls that Gayle found it difficult to cope with the half-serious racial jibes in the dressing room. Barnes follows different tactics, cracking self-deprecating jokes and turning up at a fancy dress party in a Ku Klux Klan disguise. Rugby players call it getting your retaliation in first.

At Anfield, the general opinion is that Gayle had a chip on his shoulder—"he was a bit, you know, black power", says one observer. Barnes on the other hand, is everybody's favourite, an aristocrat capable of playing "out of his skin", as the jargon has it. His skills are easily the best response to the venomous Derby-day chant "Everton are white! Everton are white!".

Hill is an admirer too. Yet he stresses that the story still has some way to run. Barnes is the Kop's hero now, but what will happen if he loses form, or if he moves on to another club? Will the old racial slogans make a comeback or have the fans learnt their lesson? Hill is none too hopeful about the future, but there is one anecdote for the optimists to cling to. When Barnes was taken off during the February 1988 win over his old team, Watford, an ironic chant emerged from the Merseyside enclosure: "Liverpool are white! Liverpool are white!" Fans who can come up with a quip as sharp as that can't be totally beyond redemption. Can they?

# From Fleet Street to Wapping

**THE RISE AND FALL OF FLEET STREET**
**Charles Wintour**
Hutchinson £16.95

*Michael Leapman*

When Fleet Street was what it was, a hazard of drinking there was that a stranger would fix you with a glassy stare and start telling tales of what it was *really* like in the golden, rip-roaring days and nights of legendary proprietors, magical editors, and fabulous expense accounts. Charles Wintour, a Beaverbrook alumnus and long-time editor of the *Evening Standard*, has never been one to act the Ancient Mariner in this way. Rarely seen at El Vino's, he is more likely to be found in the Garrick Club, eager to exchange pithy contemporary gossip rather than colourful anecdotes of bygone times.

It is odd, then, and a mite disappointing, that in this book he should have chosen largely to eschew intimate revelations about the recent titanic changes in national newspapers and the important background role he played in several of them. The man who gave confidential advice to the founders of *Today*, the *Daily Star*, the *London Daily News* and, briefly, the *Independent*, must have more revealing insights to offer than these admiring, largely wart-free portraits of today's and yesterday's media tycoons, even allowing for the inhibitions imposed by a climate of six-figure libel awards.

Mind you, he covers this well-charted territory as freshly and cogently as anyone. He imposes a pattern on the rapacious acquisitiveness of such as the Harmsworths, Berrys, and Aitkens, down to Maxwell, Murdoch and Black. He shows how newspapers, however vital the role claimed for them in the working of democracy, have never been other than commodities to be carved up and passed from hand to hand, often as baubles to feed their owners' vanity or political pretensions.

Northcliffe was the inventor of the modern tabloid in that he saw the press as an entertainment medium rather than primarily as a provider of information and moulder of views. "We don't direct the ordinary man's opinion," he said. "We reflect it." That philosophy has served well enough as the excuse for lowest-common-denominator journalism during this century and Wintour certainly does not quarrel with it. In an admiring portrait of Rupert Murdoch he writes: "The people who attack the mass tabloids most strongly are usually those who feel most distaste for the masses and their interests".

In that blanket put-down he would have to include Hugh Cudlipp, whose trenchant assault last year on the tabloids' "panting seven-day seven-night news service for voyeurs" he quotes in the same paragraph. Yet Cudlipp, son of a Welsh commercial traveller, surely has a greater claim to identify with the tastes of the masses than the patrician Wintour (Oundle and Cambridge), whose first published journalism concerned "the interesting seventh hole on the local golf course".

Even Wintour lacks the stomach to take his give-them-what-they-want view to its logical conclusion. He describes the *Daily Star*, during its brief and lubricious liaison with *Sunday Sport*, as "vulgar and unpleasant". And his record shows that when, in his latter-day role as proprietorial confidant, he has been asked to recommend editors for tabloid papers, he has consistently chosen not hard-bitten populariser but unsuitable men from the quality press, with uniformly unhappy results: viz. Simon Jenkins for the *Evening Standard*, Brian MacArthur for *Today* and Magnus Linklater for the *London Daily News*.

Wintour's ultimate justification for Murdoch is that, helped by his fall guy Eddy Shah (whose national press ambitions were smothered as much by excess ego massage from such as Wintour as by his own incompetence), he freed the newspaper industry from the millstone of restrictive practices and allowed a thousand flowers to bloom in Wapping and points east. Yet from the reader's point of view the essential nature of the beast has not changed. The *Independent* has been born but so has *Sunday Sport*. The go-it-alone *Today* now goes it as part of Murdoch's pervasive stable. More launches fail than succeed: the one attempt to found a paper accountable to its readers, *News on Sunday*, was buried by internal bickering. For sure, there are today more jobs for us journos and I'll drink with Wintour to that—but I won't necessarily expect the reading public to join us wholeheartedly in the toast.

# The bad old days

**THE WAY WE LIVED THEN: THE ENGLISH STORY IN THE 1940s**
**Woodrow Wyatt (editor)**
Collins £11.95

*Anne Boston*

Woodrow Wyatt's *English Story* was among the more successful of many "little magazines" published during the last war, and the fact that, unlike most of its contemporaries, it survived for a further five years into the postwar era gives this collection a special historical interest.

Anyone looking for a hint of heroism or sense of purpose or, in the later stories, postwar elation, in the writing is in for a shock: the prevailing, almost universal tone is of alienation, in both theme and presentation. The protagonist is often an impersonal figure, left entirely nameless (like Denys Val Baker's "soldier from another country" hiding from the enemy in "Grass in Winter") or mostly so (like the doctor in Elizabeth Berridge's disturbing "The Hard and the Human", whose medical knowledge is useless to deal with a girl who doesn't want her baby). Most chilling of all, with its flat, methodical tone, is "Haven of Despair" by Eric Rae, in which a young enlisted soldier stationed behind the lines in Egypt decides to get discharged by deliberately blinding himself through staring at the sun. He would rather risk losing his sight for life than "remain in the unending futility and blindness of what he was doing now". The soldier's name is Edwin Ralph, all too close to the author's; you can only hope that if the boredom was autobiographical, the self-inflicted injury wasn't.

Elizabeth Bowen, Angus Wilson, J Maclaren-Ross, Alun Lewis, Sylvia Townsend Warner, Raymond Williams and Stephen Spender all have stories here, though on the whole not their best: Maclaren-Ross's "The Hell of a Time" is characteristic but slight, while Townsend Warner's "Arsace, Il Faut Partir" carries her astonishing ability to create a complex scene with the minimum number of words almost too far. Angus Wilson adds an acid tale with a clever twist of a country spinster afflicted with a horrid little spirit-companion, a ghostly evacuee that dogs her at awkward moments.

Stephen Spender's "The Fool and the Princess", dedicated to Christopher Isherwood, is


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by far the longest contribution and quite a curiosity—the story of a young man working in postwar Germany, torn between his love for a Russian woman in a refugee camp and his wife and small son at home. Spender's psychological insight, and the interest of the setting, are hampered by startlingly stilted dialogue and all too mortally laboured prose, as in the young man's realisation that in relations between men and women, "What is selfish may have an aspect where it is unselfish and unselfishness may be selfish...from this point of view it was selfish of him to refuse to be selfish. The unselfishness of his knowledge of the agony of the world was a form of selfishness in his life..." There's more of it, too.

The strongest piece of writing, "They Came" by Alun Lewis, incidentally illustrates the ironic fact that during the first half of the war square-bashing soldiers were safer than civilians at home. A soldier's friend, seeing him report back on duty, realises that something terrible happened to him on leave. "Nobby put his hand on his shoulder and turned him round. He looked at the white sucked-in face and the eyes looking nowhere. 'Did *she* get it?' and he too turned his head a little and swallowed. 'She did,' he said, neither asking a question nor making a statement. Something absolute, the two words he said." This fine, moving story is the best thing in a collection to be read as a salutary antidote if you feel an attack of nostalgia coming on.

# Standing up for Cheever

**THE LETTERS OF JOHN CHEEVER**
**Benjamin Cheever (ed)**
Jonathan Cape £14.95

*Fraser Harrison*

Stand up all those who have read a book by John Cheever. Stand up those who can at least name one of his books. Well, stand up anyone who has even heard of the man. I may be wrong, but it is my impression, gained from bookshops both new and second-hand, that Cheever's star has fallen very low in Britain. This deplorable and impoverishing neglect must be contrasted with his standing in his native America where he basks on the steps of their pantheon beside his friends Bellow and Updike. Here, none of his books is in print in hardback and, publishers' lists to the contrary, only one of his novels, *Falconer*, is readily available in paperback. Let us hope the publication of these delightful letters will help to restore his prestige and return his books to their rightful place in the bookshops.

Born in 1912, Cheever confined his writing output almost exclusively to fiction, relying on short stories for nearly three decades to bring him a hard-won living, much of it earned from the *New Yorker*. In 1957, after many false starts and disappointments, he published the first of his five novels, and by the time he died in 1982 he was famous, affluent and garlanded with honours.

Two years later his eldest child, Susan Cheever, published a memoir of her father which revealed a life sorely complicated by bisexuality and plagued by melancholy and alcoholism. Cheever was, as his editor-son remarks, a man of massive and fundamental contradictions: an inveterate adulterer who hymned the rewards of monogamy and remained married to the same woman all his life; a homosexual who taught his son to censure "faggots"; a depressive whose writing was always animated with humour and light. He once said he wrote out of an impulse to bring glad tidings.

Throughout his life Cheever was an habitual writer of letters, sending between ten and thirty a week to his wife (during the war), friends, editors, lovers and his children. He claimed he threw away other people's letters, and seemed to attach no great value to his own, for he kept no carbon copies. Yesterday's kisses he called them. Fortunately, his correspondents did value them and they have been collected by his son Benjamin, who adds a connecting thread of commentary and recollection.

The wartime letters written to his wife from various uncongenial military camps form a separate group, distinguished by the urgency of his feelings and a relative lack of sophistication. Thereafter he perfected the formula he was to use during the fifties and much of the sixties. Seldom longer than three paragraphs, his letters are witty and anecdotal, recording the sayings and doings of his children, the mortifications and occasional triumphs of his career, and "the common minutiae of life", which he rightly identified as the raw material of most good letters.

Though they are wonderfully polished performances, evidently achieved without hesitation or revision, their literary importance is modest and their biographical trustworthiness is dubious. As entertainment, however, they are excellent and give as much pleasure now as they must have done to their lucky recipients.

The destructive, conflict-ridden elements in his personality do not obtrude until the late sixties when his demons finally caught up with him. His health failed, his *cafard* pursued him pitilessly and his alcoholism drove him at last to an AA clinic, from which he emerged a successful non-drinker.

His scrupulous editor, for whom these events have not lost their pain, augments the letters with a few quotations from his father's journal and they make hair-raising reading. Gone is the graceful phrase-making, the studied ruefulness, the urbane humour, and in their place is the raw, passionate, near-demented voice of *Falconer*, published in 1977.

For anyone who admires Cheever's fiction, these letters possess a poignant value beyond their immediate amusement, for they are an implicit tribute to his art. It was the nature of his particular genius to wrest poise and temperance out of chaos, extract wisdom from folly and radiate light where there might have been a terrible darkness.


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John Berger in peasant guise

# Inside outsider

**ONCE IN EUROPA**
**John Berger**
Granta Books £10.95

*Sean French*

The longer John Berger has lived in a small peasant community (in the French Alps), the more fascinated he has become by the practice of storytelling. He is preoccupied not with modernist theories of narrative but with tales in the most ancient sense. In a television discussion with Susan Sontag a few years ago, he seemed to connect this telling of stories with the very beginnings of human society.

Berger's new book, *Once in Europa*, is the second of a trilogy which will trace the end of peasant life from the inside. This momentous, inevitable process haunts everything in this volume. The last story in the book deals with the encounter in Venice between an urban communist woman and a peasant man. "The fact is peasants will disappear," she says to him. "The future lies elsewhere."

Readers might have expected such a subject to produce an epic but Berger has responded in a very different way. *Once in Europa* consists of just five stories, framed by two short poems, and their relation to the theme of the destruction of peasant life remains tangential and elusive.

In *Pig Earth*, the first of the trilogy (published in 1979), Berger closely attended to the stories and gossip exchanged between the villagers. As he saw it, the only way for the peasants to define themselves was in their own spoken words and each day's events were absorbed into the village's shared memory in the form of the stories told at the end of the day's work. These stories are not jokes or morality tales but a self-portrait without which "the village would have been forced to doubt its own existence".

It has clearly not been possible for Berger to become part of the village community as an agricultural worker. However, in *Once in Europa* he has adopted and adapted the villagers' mode of storytelling.

There is a deliberate craftsmanship about his writing, as if Berger is setting up shop as fabulist to the village. He exclaims at one point: "How difficult it is to prevent certain stories becoming a simple moral demonstration." These oddly straightforward tales—about an accordion player; the hopeless, almost unexpressed love of an old man for a young woman; the brief love affair between a peasant girl and a Russian factory worker, or between a local farmer and a new arrival from the city—are not analyses or criticisms of the end of peasant life. Rather, Berger is equipped, unlike, presumably, anyone else in his village, to understand the new forces that are reshaping the old life.

As he says at the beginning of one tale, "If every event which occurred could be given a name, there would be no need for stories. As things are here, life outstrips our vocabulary."

John Berger is famous, or notorious, as a fastidious analyser and moraliser. The extraordinary effect of these stories—and this is a very strong collection indeed—lies in the refusal to judge or lament. Berger is least convincing, because himself least convinced, when pointing the finger at, say, an individual factory boss.

The intense sensual detail of Berger's writing is an obvious result of the years he has spent in the community but the author is not pretending to be a peasant, nor is he a deliberate outsider, reporting on an experience from which he is excluded. His role is more delicately poised, creating stories which might help his fellow villagers, as well as the rest of us, to see the historical forces that are affecting them.

The next volume of the trilogy will describe the move of peasants from village to city. I look forward to it but can't help wishing for another book as well. We've heard Berger on the peasants. I'd love to hear the peasants on John Berger.

# A centre of defiance

**BERKELEY AT WAR: THE 1960s**
**W J Rorabaugh**
Oxford University Press £19.50

*Kurt Jacobsen*

In the late 1950s Clark Kerr, president of the prestigious University of California at Berkeley, observed that the perfect American campus supplied sex for the students, successful sports teams for the alumni and parking spaces for the faculty. By 1968 Kerr had been forced out of his post, and W J Rorabaugh's lucid chronicle explains why his amusingly cynical advice proved to be so woefully wrong, at least at the time (for the three conditions were met, and amply so). What distinguishes this book from all the other recent siftings through the sixties is its fine-grained focus on the local grassroots origins of dissent and conflict within a community that became a bellwether for social change movements nationwide.

By the end of the 1960s Berkeley was deemed a centre of defiance, and was often derided as a refuge for loony cultural renegades. Follies abounded, but Rorabaugh usefully reminds readers that these local sillinesses were as nothing compared to the systematic mayhem dispensed by the institutions the students challenged—an order guided by a virulent "anti-communist liberalism" that sanctioned harassment of national security threats like Martin Luther King at home and the napalming of third world nationalists abroad.

In the early 1960s, the university (and town) was a smug white bastion where *in loco parentis* policies held sway, McCarthyism had a chokehold, political activity was banned, dim Fraternity lads dominated campus life and the administrators used high-handed manipulative tactics of which even the klutziest east European apparatchiks of the era might be ashamed. The university, a vulnerable target, of course, was a bundle of highly combustible contradictions: simultaneously providing a haven for inquisitive youth and for a plethora of defence research projects, and keeping the Bill of Rights, a safe enough object of scholarly inquiry, firmly at bay in what was, after all, a public institution.

As the civil rights movement crested, and Vietnam involvement deepened, in the autumn of 1964 a generation of smart privileged baby boomers beheld frightful discrepancies between their own values and the rather nasty behaviour of folks operating in the various branches of a system which students were too shy to identify as capitalism. The Free Speech movement of 1964 successfully lifted the school's ban on political activity and was led by civil rights veteran students who, after facing southern sheriffs, were undeterred by finger-wagging professors who had no reasonable argument anyway.

Rorabaugh, a historian and Berkeley PhD, ransacks masses of archival materials to recreate the changing strategies of administrators and of young radicals (as they became) over an escalating series of clashes climaxing in the 1969 People's Park struggle (the immediate issue was the use of neglected university property) replete with aerial tear gassing, 110 buck shot wounds and, remarkably, only one death. Rorabaugh strangely favours the view that the "militants" primarily wanted to goad the authorities to violence, the better to "radicalise" onlookers, but he also demonstrates that the authorities were only too glad to oblige, and acknowledges that *agents provocateurs* often swarmed around events to ensure trouble. (At the infamous 1968 Chicago Democratic convention the Feds themselves estimated that one "protestor" in every six was a local or federal agent.)

The author argues spiritedly and, I think, correctly that in the tumult "only centralised authority was in decline", while a "rebirth of community" began beneath the level the media



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customarily scans. Traditional left organisations played a minuscule role in Berkeley as elsewhere, and this was just as well, Rorabaugh shrewdly judges. Contrary to paranoid security agencies, the "secret heroes", as Rorabaugh notes of the era, were not Marx and Engels—though literacy here wouldn't have hurt—but Thomas Jefferson and Henry David Thoreau.

# Two types of justice

**A TREATISE ON SOCIAL JUSTICE: VOL 1, THEORIES OF JUSTICE**
**Brian Barry**
Harvester-Wheatsheaf £30

*Alan Ryan*

*Theories of Justice* is the first instalment of a three-volume treatise on social justice. It is an austere and uncompromising piece of philosophical analysis that will immediately appeal to a rather small audience, but may come to have a large and benign political impact, too. Its main target is those recent accounts of justice that have drawn on the economists' analysis of bargaining in the light of the economists' assumptions about the universality of self-interest and the economists' understanding of rationality as the ability to calculate successfully selfish strategies.

Its immediate influence ought to operate on two sorts of reader. The technically fluent will find awkward questions about the relevance of bargaining to an analysis of justice pressed by a philosopher who is—unlike almost all of us—so completely at home in welfare economics and the like that he is entirely unabashed about reminding them of such obvious truths as the large discrepancy between the demands of justice and the conditions of stable equilibrium. The latter will exist whenever the parties to agreement reckon it's too expensive to violate the agreement—which is a fancy way of saying that any degree of inequality or apparent unfairness can endure indefinitely so long as the disadvantaged have enough to lose by trying to alter it.

The non-technically fluent will with luck be persuaded both that it's worth learning to follow the argument—when a rip-roaring conservative economist like James Buchanan not only collects a Nobel Prize for his economics but trades on the prestige of his economics to advance the extraordinary view that no redistribution whatever is legitimate other than entirely voluntary gifts, it's as well not to be intimidated—and that it's worth being sceptical even of the technical claims of economists, games theorists and their friends. For one of the valuable things about *Theories of Justice* is its repeated demonstration of the way what purport to be theorems in rational choice either depend on covert assumptions nowhere announced or defended, or sud-


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denly become used as the basis of general theories without any attempt to show that they will stand up to generalisation.

Still, this, and the subtle, sympathetic and ingenious treatment of the ideas of Hobbes, Hume, John Rawls and a good many other writers might be thought to be of interest to academics only. The larger point of the book is rather different. Barry thinks that there are two modern views of justice, what he calls "justice as mutual advantage" and "justice as impartiality". The first analyses social justice by asking how we would agree to divide the gains from forbearance and cooperation; it rests on selfishness as the driving force of social life, and sees nothing wrong with inequalities reflecting bargaining power.

The second asks what division of the benefits and burdens of social life would commend itself to an impartial eye; we are not to ask what selfish people would agree to, but what impartial people would recognise as legitimate claims. In defending the latter conception of justice, which is what the second volume of this treatise will do, and scrutinising actual social institutions in the light of it, which is what the third volume will do, one obstacle is the current prestige of the supposedly tough-minded and "realistic" picture of human nature that underlines the first view.

Barry's egalitarian and internationalist allegiances shine through on every page; those who share those attachments will hope that this book and its successors will play their part, not in discrediting the technicians and calculators, but in keeping their pretensions within bounds, and allowing an unabashed concern with ordinary justice to play a proper role in political argument. If anyone can have such an effect, Professor Barry can.

# Among funny foreigners

**IN XANADU: A QUEST**
**William Dalrymple**
Collins £14.95
**CAMEROON WITH EGBERT**
**Dervla Murphy**
John Murray £14.95

*Carole Mansur*

Next year, if his book is to be believed, William Dalrymple will spend his holiday in a cottage by the sea. There he will sit quietly in a rocking-chair, knitting. This grandfatherly pursuit ill becomes a young man barely out of his teens but his reasons are cogent.

*In Xanadu* is the account of a journey made in Marco Polo's footsteps, along a Silk Road that was far from smooth. Travelling by bus, train or truck, at no point on the trip from Jerusalem to Kubla Khan's stately pleasure dome was Dalrymple in possession of a club-class ticket—and sometimes he went without the necessary permits. Shortly after being deported from a forbidden border zone, he vowed "never again to travel on a heap of coal slag, never again to stay in an hotel that smelt like a morgue, never again to use a squatter that belched up its contents over the user".

It was a newspaper report of the opening up of the Karakoram Highway between Pakistan and China that prompted Dalrymple to set about the fulfilment of a childhood ambition. With a £700 bursary from his Cambridge college, a phial (courtesy of the Body Shop) of oil from the Holy Sepulchre, and a female companion, the doughty Laura, he started on the expedition that led him through the forbidding territories of Iran, Pakistan and China. Yet the book's tone is lighthearted. There are passages on history and architecture scholarly enough to recompense his tutors' generosity but his encounters with humans yield amusement in the "eccentric Brit meets funny foreigner" tradition. Here are dialogues worthy of a comic sketch-writer.

With the escorts, first Laura, then Louisa (he changes girls at Lahore), he plays the fey male, languidly affecting ignorance of the Hezbollah ("Don't you read the papers?" scolds Laura). He well knows, however, what makes a good colour story. At the Azerbajan Museum, he notes, "The famous gallery of Sassanian sculpture... had [been] replaced with a room full of line upon line of spectacles and false teeth. They belonged, so we were told, to the fallen 'Martyrs of the Revolution'."

Dalrymple's book is conceived and modelled in a self-consciously literary way. In middle age he should be clacking not knitting-needles but a typewriter. His sedentary tendencies, though, make one think that it is stalwart Laura, briskly bending bureaucrats to her will, gamely donning a *chador*, who will eventually step into the sensible shoes of Dervla Murphy. In *Cameroon with Egbert* the veteran traveller describes a trek through black Africa with daughter Rachel and pack-horse Egbert. "Chance" is the slender motive for the journey, or perhaps habit; after six or so expeditions, variously by mule, bike and foot, Dervla Murphy stops still only long enough to transcribe her notes into a book.

Created when the European colonisers carved up the dark continent with a ruler, Cameroon is a country of 9.6 million people, speaking among them 300 African languages. At 55, Dervla is not worn down by primitive conditions but primitive communication. In what she calls "the gender debate", she is repeatedly mistaken, in trekking garb, for a man, and to prove her sex has to make the dramatic gesture of baring her breast.

The candour is characteristic. She does not flinch from reporting the devastation caused by the explosion of Lake Nyos in 1986, when over 1,000 people were killed, or from examining evidence, such as the messy sequel to independence, embarrassing to her liberal sympathies. These observations open up welcome perspectives. Dervla Murphy's mature mind is quite as energetically curious as the young Dalrymple's.

# Out loud

**ONCE I WAS A WASHING MACHINE: THE WORKING CLASS EXPERIENCE IN POETRY AND PROSE**
**Introduced by Ken Worpole**
Federation of Worker Writers and Community Publishers £3.95 (plus 55p P & P from FWWCP, c/o Queenspark Books, Lewis Cohen Urban Studies Centre, 68 Grand Parade, Brighton)

*Dorothy Sheridan*

The newest anthology from the Federation of Worker Writers and Community Publishers was launched recently by Alistair Niven, the literature director of the Arts Council. The event took place at the South Bank in London with many of the contributors present. Book launches at the South Bank are not particularly remarkable in themselves but for the Federation this one represented a breakthrough.

The work of the worker writers' groups is constantly bedevilled by that hoary old question about what constitutes literature. As a result it has to struggle constantly for recognition not only from reviewers and reviewing publications but—more importantly—from retailers. Such books are mostly still only available by mail order. The Arts Council support is a welcome development. It signals a broadening of the orthodox literary mind and it means that this book is well-produced (it looks glossy and "commercial") without being prohibitively expensive.

The title of the anthology, *Once I was a washing machine*, is the title of a poem by Olive Rogers of the Liverpool 8 Writers' group. It is one of a series of poems and short pieces of prose in the section on women's experience: "Our love is like a circle/I turn to you/You turn away..."; "I write my life on scraps of paper/Sometimes/I screw it up" (Debbie Pounds); "Dream me a song/that sings about sunshine/and laughter/Sweet kisses and deep pressed bodies" (Elaine Okoro).

The section called "The Class Game" deals with working class identity; with anger, pride and self-awareness: "How can you tell what class I'm from?/I can talk posh like some,/with an 'olly in me mouth" (Mary Casey); "When I worked/I was lost/In noise, explosions,/Danger and boredom/Given values and /Metal tokens in place of joy" (Peter Whittingham).

Being black in Britain is the theme of the section called "Here I Am Now" which is the refrain in a poem by Miriam: "I am a West Indian from the Island of Jamaica/HERE I AM NOW/Sitting here writing about Birmingham...". Rahul Barot writes about being Asian in Bristol in his poem "Youth with Black Skin": "Like the others in the bus/I too keep watching them with my Indian eyes./These are youths whose ancestors were/Extracted like vegetables from/Consciousness of language, tribes and cultures."

Ken Worpole argues in his excellent introduction that anthologies such as this one are "contentious because they move beyond the traditional assumption that literature is simply the


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work of individuals". He rightly emphasises the collective and *class* nature of the writing. I would go further: it is precisely the acute *individuality* of the voices which lends such power to the collective enterprise. We can see clearly the working links between personal, intensely subjective experience and the movement towards a shared sense of identity and strength.

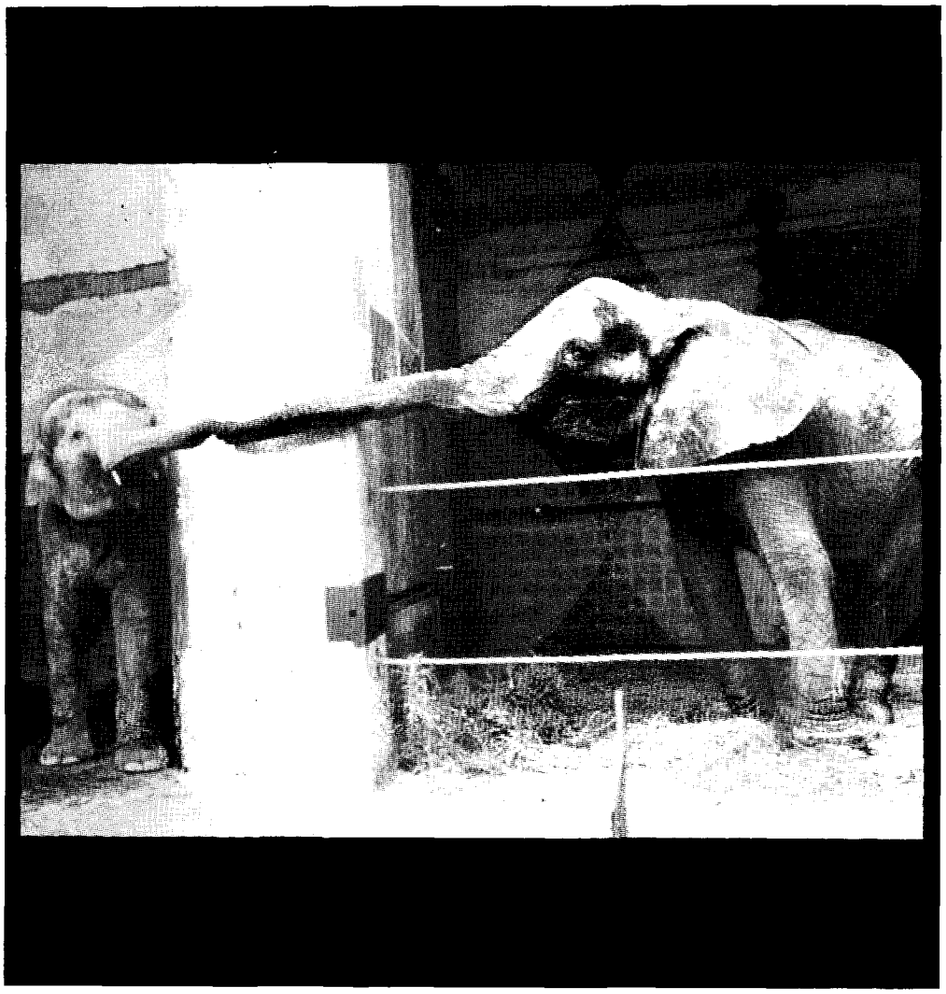
The process of writing is itself the theme of one of the sections and some of the most poignant contributions are in it. Doug Mellor writes about the years of his life when he was unable to write or read. The ingenuity with which he managed to keep his secret, even from his first wife, has to be admired even though the secret itself caused him such pain. He says, modestly, that the years of suffering and subterfuge have made him more "considerate" of others.

This anthology is full of raw feeling—anger, love, humour. Ultimately, the question of whether it is literature or not is irrelevant; people use writing to understand themselves, to speak out loud to the rest of us and to make sense of a world which can be harsh and unjust. The results are thought-provoking and moving.

# The other half

**IF WOMEN COUNTED: A NEW FEMINIST ECONOMICS**
**Marilyn Waring**
Macmillan £14.95

*Brenda Hancock*



**A Dumbo-like image from Sacred Elephant by Heathcote Williams (Cape £15/ £9.95), which will convince most readers that elephants are far preferable to us**

Archbishop William Temple once observed that modern life was like a shop window in which the price tags had gone haywire: all the items of real worth were marked down, and everything worthless was marked up. The archbishop was making a moral point. In *If Women Counted*, her second book, the New Zealand politician turned author and goat-farmer, Marilyn Waring, is mostly concerned with economics, and the currently accepted national and UN-sponsored accounting systems in particular. Under her scrutiny, it becomes clear that most of the price-tags in these systems are more than a little suspect also. And here, too, there could be a moral dimension.

This book is one product of the author's nine years to 1985 as chair of New Zealand's parliamentary Public Expenditure Committee. In that capacity, it was forcefully borne in upon her that the economists' definition of productive labour everywhere discounted women's unpaid labour, both in and outside the home. Meanwhile the policy community, who relied on the figures fed to them, were quite unaware of the uses and abuses to which the figures were put.

Wages for housework are not Waring's theme. Rather she sets out in her book to demystify the man-made economic system and the assumptions and conceptual limitations on which it is based. She shows how damaging, in terms of policy-planning, is the failure to impute a value for so much of women's work into the national accounts.

Thus, 80 per cent of household cereal production in Kenya is done by women; yet somehow it comes about that public policy is to direct agricultural training almost wholly towards men. The same pattern repeats itself in country after country in Africa, Asia and Latin America. In New Zealand, she found it virtually impossible to persuade anyone to provide childcare; if women are invisible in the accounts, how can they have needs?

Women know what is going on, says Waring, because they keep their eyes open; but governments and multilateral agencies have to have empirical evidence before they are able to move. Unfortunately, no one is collecting the complete evidence. Production is measured by money-value for the purposes of GNP and to impute money-value to women's unpaid labour is too difficult. In Papua New Guinea, however, where production by males outside the market is so large that it cannot be ignored, the value of this unpaid work by the rural male labour force is thought to be imputable and is imputed. Marilyn Waring, not unreasonably, draws her own conclusions.

Throughout this book, the central theme is interwoven with ecological and environmental considerations, and a preoccupation with the perversity of systems that attach value to destructive but virtually none to life-enhancing forms of production. The book ends with a discussion of alternative perspectives and an impassioned call to women to stand up for themselves and each other in demanding better systems—for, the author believes, no one else will.

As one might expect from a woman courageous enough to make a stand, on a point of principle, that brought down a government, this is a forthright, serious and eloquent book. Plainly, it is written from a feminist perspective. Women readers may find beguiling their inclusion in an elite of simple common sense in face of male conceptual difficulties and obfuscation.

We read, for example, that the reasons male economists and statisticians give for their failure to account for women's work and their near-universal concentration on "heads of households" are conceptual problems and the practical difficulties of collecting data. "It does not seem to occur to them that if you have a conceptual problem about the activity of half the human species, you then have a conceptual problem about the whole".

If that makes you laugh, you will enjoy this book and pick up a wealth of insights from it. If it irritates you, or gives you conceptual difficulties, it will be better for your blood pressure to read something else.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# The Factory Master

*John A Walker assesses Andy Warhol, an underrated artist*

Andy Warhol cannot be judged simply as a painter, because his work spanned a dozen different media—illustration, window display, films, books, magazines, records and television. The range of his output is staggering: one would have to go back to the Italian Renaissance to find an artist proficient in so many fields.

Today, someone who specialises in painting or sculpture, however good he or she is, could not attain the recognition Warhol did—specialism is at odds with the nature of our multimedia world. But, not only did Warhol work within the various media, he also understood how they function in combination: his silk-screened canvases of the early 1960s were a synthesis of painting, photography and printing, the *Exploding Plastic Inevitable* of 1967 was a multimedia disco, his *Index Book*, published in the same year, included photographs, a record, pop-ups and a balloon.

In certain respects Warhol was himself like a mass medium—he was a channel permitting a flow of images and information about the world. His art was not about original subjects and personal expression: he asked others what he should paint, he took as his themes commonplace supermarket products, the newspaper images and headlines of his day, he reworked the icons of the famous, from Marilyn Monroe to Chairman Mao. This is why his art was so emblematic of American culture, and particularly the American culture of the 1960s; it both mirrored and helped to constitute that culture.

Warhol shared with radio and television newsreaders a coolness of presentation no matter how horrific the news. Like them he set aside his personal opinions and, even though a practising Catholic, he did not make moral judgments. This made much of his work disturbing and subversive—it threw the responsibility for making such judgments back on to the viewer—but, on one level, all that Warhol was doing was imitating the *relay* function of the mass media. In reality, though, his paintings were never pure reproduction—he would often change and heighten his source material.

From the mid 1960s, film, still cameras and tape recorders were Warhol's daily companions. Like the news media, he relentlessly recorded his surroundings and experiences, both important and trivial. He responded to the age of surveillance by undertaking self-surveillance and then packaging and selling the results. The films and diaries that were generated by these methods were a strange mixture of realism and the avant garde: what could be more avant garde than the idea of a film of a man sleeping for six hours? And what could be more authentic as a recording of reality?

Some American critics have called the realism of Warhol and other Pop artists "reactionary" because it reproduces and affirms—rather than criticising—American consumer capitalism. But, to be realistic, surely a work of art must display some truth. Is it not up to viewers to make of that truth content what they will?

Since the invention of photography in the 1840s, the mass media have both proliferated and become more compatible: they now overlap and interact, with the result that images circulate at ever greater speeds, undergoing repeated transformations as they pass from medium to medium. A major characteristic of our media culture is the phenomenon of cross-over: the shift artists can make either horizontally from, say, painting to music, or vertically from "high" to "low" culture (or vice versa).

In the early sixties Warhol ascended, not without difficulty given his homosexuality and his position as an advertising artist, from low-status commercial art to high-status fine art: he crossed over from painting into films and then, later on, back again from films into painting. Eventually he spanned the division between the art world and the wider culture.

Success in the arena of mass culture depends on the adoption of production methods which generate commodities large numbers of people can afford, or the use of mass media systems of transmission to reach large audiences. Warhol's adoption of batch production methods for his paintings—silk-screened in assembly lines on the floor of his aptly named "Factory" studio was a step in this direction. But his forays into films, records, magazine and book publishing, television commercials and rock music videos were even more important.

Real success also depends on the ability to take advantage of media interest and to withstand the magnifying effects of publicity—here too Warhol proved incomparable; he supplied the media with a constant diet of news and gossip, and by adopting a zombie-like persona as a reflective mask, he was able to thrive in the glare of the spotlight while others wilted and died.

Unlike painting—a solitary, individualistic practice—the media rely on team-work and collaboration. From the time the Factory opened in New York in 1964, Warhol was willing

**Andy in the slums: it was after this episode that he made his quip about 15 minutes of fame**



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to delegate and to collaborate with others: with a rock group like the Velvet Underground and with all kinds of weird street people. In this way, he subverted the traditional conceptions of authorship in art. "Warhol" became virtually a brand name like "Disney".

As the Factory master, he was the catalyst for the creativity of the circle of hangers on; he also provided financial support. The method of having a loosely knit, informal team generating ideas and projects was a model for the new silicon valley, high-tech industries of the seventies and eighties.

In Warhol's case this evolved into a more structured enterprise (comparable with Ruben's Antwerp studio in its scale) and, in the end, there was a loss of creativity as a result. Even so, Warhol's willingness to collaborate with younger artists continued to the end of his life: witness the joint paintings executed with the ill-fated graffiti artist Jean-Michael Basquiat in 1985, and the rock music videos undertaken with bands like The Cars.

It is fashionable to dismiss the late portraits of the rich that Warhol was willing to paint for fat commissions, but we cannot condemn him in this way without also condemning Gainsborough and Reynolds. Warhol was no socialist. He was the upwardly mobile son of immigrant proletarians. He moved from the provinces to New York, America's media capital and city of capital, in order to become rich and famous, and he succeeded in this aim: his estate, including property, has been estimated to be worth between $70 million and $100 million.

Whatever his merits as an artist, there is no denying Warhol's abilities as a businessman. In fact, the two cannot be separated: within capitalism, art is a commodity like most other goods. (Indeed, according to the Situationists, it is the ultimate commodity: the one that sells all the others.) Warhol recognised this as early as 1962: his dollar bill paintings acknowledged that art was about money, however much the previous generation, the abstract expressionists, had chosen to ignore the fact. To their universal spirituality, Warhol opposed the universality of capital.

The recognition that art is a business and that creativity is essential to both was, later on, systematised in the philosophy of "business art". The neo-geo movement of the mid 1980s in New York was heavily indebted to Warhol for its themes of art-as-commodity, art as complicit with the system as well as critical of it.

Like dangerous radioactive material, Warhol's art will continue to radiate energy and to poison; it will also continue to illuminate for years to come. In spite of all his fame, Warhol is truly an underrated media-artist-businessman.

*"Andy Warhol: A Retrospective" is at the Hayward Gallery, South Bank, SE1, until 5 November; "Success is a job in New York" is at the Serpentine Gallery, Kensington Gardens, W2, until 1 October; "Self-Portraits 1964-1986" is at Anthony d'Offay Gallery, 21 & 23 Dering St, New Bond St, W1, until 10 October; "The Factory Years 1964-1967" is at the Victoria & Albert Museum, Cromwell Rd, SW7, until 12 November; "Sexual Ambiguities" is at Alexander Roussos Gallery, 22 Princes St, W1, until 7 November, and Liberty's will be reproducing a shopfront display designed by Warhol until 20 September.*

*Art*

# Open heart excavator

*Amanda Sebestyen on the deep-laid arts of Pitika Ntuli*

The garden in Dalston is a forest of figures. Ribboned and buckled girders have been turned into running men—warriors or fugitives. Exhaust pipes make snaking trees, or gilded gun barrels. Two wheelbarrow bases confront each other, one male crowned with a scaffolding clip, the other female, battered and spattered and labelled "I Don't Want To Be Pushed Around".

These are some of the **Open Veins** of Pitika Ntuli, the South African exile who has taught almost all Britain's black artists. Ntuli's classes take in African philosophy and history, "not just art and literature but *orature*, everything coming together".

With his father, a priest, and his uncle, a shaman, Pitika began as a performance poet, and before leaving school was already in trouble for his adaptations of the Bible: "P W Botha is my shepherd, I am in want, he maketh me to lie down on street corners... It put religion in its proper place." Finding himself endorsed out of his city in eastern Transvaal (and then barred from every town in South Africa), he left for Swaziland and there began to sculpt and teach.

Now the Bible cadences come back as he surveys his interlaced totems carved from breeze blocks: "The stone discriminated against and rejected by the builder—my breeze



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**Ntuli's sculptures are a form of township recycled art, made from discarded objects he has salvaged**

block—becomes the corner stone of our revolutionary culture!"

In the gritty grey sockets eyes glisten, made from ball bearings or marbles. This is township art, recycled art. "The first sculpture I made was a toy car made from wire and polished tins, because we couldn't afford toys. It is not surprising that raiding dustbins and rubbish tips to salvage discarded objects, to humanise them, to use them to tell a story of hope and resistance, holds such a fascination for me.

"Here, there is absolute waste. The whole possibility of the new coming out of the old is discouraged. I go on to a skip and I'm going to find all these pieces—this wood is elm, thanks to Dutch disease and the hurricane. These aluminiums used to be trays, the copper panels come from Sunday markets."

In the front room of the terraced house, the metal squares line up brilliantly shined, embossed into scenes of Blake-like mythological complexity with Ntuli's blend of Ghanaian sign language and liberation politics. In acrylic paintings, textured with sand, wavering people flare into an erupting volcano. Sculpted heads stand on sticks. From another angle each bent profile turns into a whole body, a nose reappears as an arm, a lock of hair as a flying back. All are veined, some with blood-red flecks. The stone is serpentine, brought back from a trip to Zimbabwe, or from the Lizard in Cornwall.

While most of Ntuli's tales are full of the kindness of strangers, the prime image of *Open Veins* comes from a very different experience: "I spent 1978 in the death cells in Swaziland. After the shootings in Soweto many students fled into Swaziland, so 15 of us who were already there were detained without charge. The only avenue open to me, I was told repeatedly, was to break my head against a brick wall and use my blood to write poems. The idea of painting with my blood stayed with me.

"I began painting in the abstract on the wall, and before I'd sleep I'd got to remember exactly where I put what paint. When I was detained the only thing to keep my sanity became art. I had to sit down day in, day out, thinking of poems I'd learn by rote and then analyse them."

After representations from Amnesty, Ntuli was taken straight from detention to the airport, to France and then Birmingham. Around 1980 he had several solo exhibitions in London, but "I felt I just didn't want to be exhibiting with the establishment". He began curating group shows, and workshops where new and established artists could create together.

He finds himself in occasional disagreement with fellow black artists' approaches to the gallery system. "People always seem to look at the question as either/or: *either* an exclusively black venue *or* a general audience. If black people have been discriminated against and their confidence has gone down, then isn't it logical that they need safe audiences where they can try themselves, *then deal* with the outside world? We don't have to abolish our families because we want to be part of humanity."

Normally Ntuli refuses one-person shows. But the 198 gallery is an exceptional venue, combining young or self-taught artists with archive loans from successful painters like Gavin Jantjes and Frank Bowling; sponsoring a Soweto statue in Lambeth via Prince Charles, and getting George Melly as gallery patron; running Sundays of food and jazz. Dudu Pukwana, a friend, plays at Ntuli's opening, and more arts will be added every Sunday of the *Open Veins* show—poetry, composition and debate. A slice of orature.

*"Open Veins: Backbone of Our Struggle", 198 Gallery, 198 Railton Road, London SE24, until 7 October.*

*Performance*

# Operatic skinheads

*Mark Sinker on long-haired warriors in Doc Martens*

Fourteen hundred years ago, at Catraeth (now Catterick), 300 Celtic warrior-noblemen launched a suicidal attack on the invading Angles, 100,000 strong. Drunk on mead and desperation, they were wiped out, as the event would have been from history, except that a survivor, the poet Aneirin, set down their defeat in the 100-stanza epic *Y Gododdin*, the earliest poem in the Welsh language.

**Gododdin**, the show that the Welsh theatre company Brith Gof and the Deptford-based music group Test Dept have been performing in Europe, is a dramatisation of this poem which centres on the politics of cultural marginalisation and minority pride.

In Cardiff, they set it in a disused car factory. In Polverigi in Italy, it was played out in a sand quarry. In Leeuwarden, in Friesland, the show I saw, they were using an indoor ice-rink. The floor was waterlogged sand, with piles of oil-drums in the centre. Rows of pine trees surrounded little sandbag-islands, on which the audience would clump together nervously. Whitewashed cars with blazing headlights stood between each island and the next.

Test Dept are already known as industrial metal-bashers—their music an operatic skinhead gamelan. *Gododdin* takes the idea further, uses factory-debris as the *mis-en-scene* for modern mythic timelessness: Brith Gof, as long-haired warriors (male and female) in kilts, woad and Doc Martens, use car bonnets as shields, and prepare for war by throwing oil-drums and themselves at each other, at the cars, and over and across a mud-floor rapidly flooding with water. For the audience, the confusion of lights, noise, and not knowing where to look or to stand, is delicious—many watchers ended up as very wet (and willing) participants.

From the opening minutes, as the performers, carrying torches, circled the space outside the audience on a vehicle that was half wooden horse, half wheeled longship, this was always going to be the theatre of spectacle. As the floor flooded, and the audience cowered further up on to their little islands, the warriors rafted up and down the newly-born canals. For the final assault, they threw themselves at hangar-high rope-ladder rigging, and were knocked off by jets from fierce hoses, one by one.

Energy, fury, violent ballet, the romance of macho futility, the maudlin glory of the fore-doomed (which will always oust the reality of home, surviving wives and children): there's a childishly direct pleasure to be had when the ice-rink turns circus ring, people fly from ropes, drench one another and scare the audience. If this is part of what makes it imaginatively memorable, the rest is more subtle. Test Dept have developed their sound immensely, incorporating bagpipes, incantation, drone, looped noise, and elaborate antiphonal devices. Their music—clouded pastoralism on bones of ritual percussion, with fragments of the poem mike-broadcast throughout—frames and punctures the spectacle, providing the survivors' commentary.

Spectacle is the art-form of our time. The tightly argued grown-up dialectics of Ibsen or Shaw have no place in *Gododdin*: the poem's language is mostly in a proto-Welsh that even Welsh speakers can't follow. Which is often taken to mean that emotion is given priority over rational examination (the show was criticised in Hamburg for uncritically celebrating war—the torches and Nordic paganism coming a touch too close to the Nazi summer festivals for German comfort).

But in Holland, audience and performers clearly belong to a generation for whom watching spectacle is as easy as watching TV. Peter Brook, Jan Fabre and the Happening are minor



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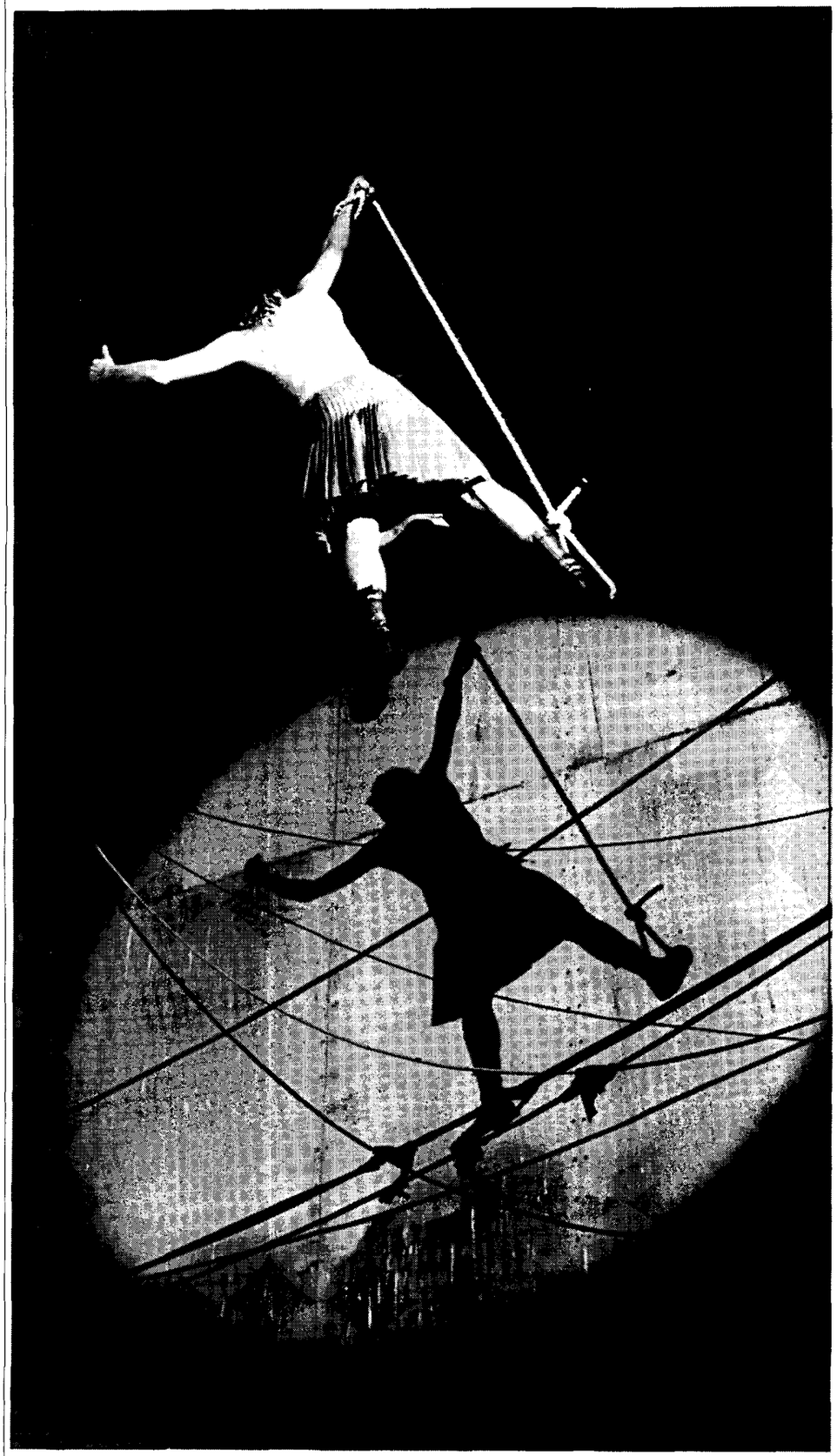

**Hangar-high fury in the final assault of Gododdin**

features in the natural landscape of theatre past; rock (which Test Dept come out of) has built up, semi-deliberately, a thoroughgoing exploration and critique of popular spectacle as art.

Standing so close to this tiny band of near-berserkers, and the shock of their breathless, bruised live bodies in this model landscape of watery mud and symbolic metal, is an antidote to the infinitely distanced and undemanding colonised social realism of cinema. The long-ago politics of the warriors' actual actions, where future cultural dignity was determined by present self-sacrifice, a Dark Ages art-gesture, resonates in the same way as Arthurian legend, a last lost battle against the end of the Age of Chivalry and Innocence. It's grand, it's nearly ridiculous, and it's desolately important, as post-imperial capitalism shuts down its marches and withdraws into its capitol. *Gododdin* will not be performed in England.

*Brith Gof and Test Dept will be performing Gododdin in Glasgow from 13-18 September at The Tramway.*

*Cinema*

# Great expectations

*Suzanne Moore on the pressure to represent true experience*

Black Audio Collective's first feature, **Testament**, is a difficult film. It's not easy to watch or write about. Admittedly, the prize-winning *Handsworth Songs* is a hard act to follow. Taken together with the cluster of independent black films, such as Sankofa's *Passion of Remembrance*, it has signalled a resurgence in black film-making that Paul Willemen described as "the most intellectually and cinematically innovative edge of British cultural politics". But this kind of praise can become another kind of pressure. Apart from the "burden of representation", whereby one low-budget black film has to speak for all black experience, it has also got to be better than everything else.

It is one thing to have great expectations, but political sympathy alone cannot carry a film—and, in the end, it is judged by the muddle of supposedly objective and daftly subjective prejudices that make up much film criticism in this country. And, of course, by audiences.

When confronted with a film like *Testament*, which blurs the categories that we usually lump films into, the criteria that we use to discuss cinematic value look increasingly redundant. *Testament* has been approached as though it were simply a black British film, an African film, a historical documentary, an avant-garde travelogue, when it is in fact much more. Its low-production values are chastised in the *Independent*, which seems particularly unfair when one compares its budget with that of the average Hollywood film. And the peculiarly flat performance of Tania Rodgers, as the central character Abena, has been seen as simply bad acting or as some typically pleasureless avant-garde device rather than, more realistically, to do with the lack of experience most workshop productions have in actually directing actors.

*Testament* shares with *Handsworth Songs* a complex documentary structure though this time the central story is fictional. Abena, a



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**Testament: a journey through memory and myth**

television presenter, left Ghana after the coup in 1966 when Nkrumah was overthrown. The end of Nkrumah's nine-year rule of Africa's first independent black state, tears Abena—then a student at the Ideological Institute—apart. After believing in Nkrumah's espousal of pan-Africanism and socialism, she feels politically adrift as she returns much later on to film a documentary about Werner Herzog's *Cobra Verde*. As she wanders through the empty landscapes and stilted conversations with old friends, she meditates on what has happened, on her guilt at leaving, her disillusionment, her despair, her anger and her overwhelming sense of exile. She belongs nowhere and yet even the past is no longer a comfortable place to be.

The difficulty of representing the experience of exile is overcome by another kind of splitting, and *Testament* contrasts Abena's intimate memories with a larger sense of time full of river goddesses and ancient mythology. It is almost as if this cyclical psychic time, a mystical and feminine space, is her refuge after the loss of the father—her real father died at the time when her political idealism was stripped away from her. But, between personal memory and collective myth, are the inter-subjective, everyday relations between people—something *Testament* seems unable to deal with.

Mixing archive footage with dramatic sequences and oddly disturbing images that suggest half-forgotten dreams, the film is slow and, at times, hard to follow. While *Handsworth Songs* demonstrated a wonderful precision of imagery, *Testament* suffers from images which are so loaded with universal meaning they eventually become meaningless. The separation of two siamese twins, for instance, may stand for all separation or separation of the most final kind, but it runs against *Testament*'s attempt to give a diasporic experience a specific historical context.

Maybe this is an impossible task. John Akomfrah's script is a poem to doubt, uncertainty, dispossession and loss. At times wilfully obscure, at others as painful as only the sharpness of memory can be. Yet the script lacks a certain pace or lightness of touch and threatens to drag the film down to a tedious formalist experiment. If this is the price of trying to work through a new aesthetic that is neither identifiably "black" or "European avant-garde" or "third world", here *Testament* makes demands not just on critics, but on its audiences. As Judith Williamson rightly remarked: "Audience(s) do matter. I don't see how you can talk about oppositional or political film without talking about audience." Yet, as this new wave of black film illustrates, just as there is no single black identity, there is no single audience. The polarity that is often hinted at between a white progressive art-house audience which understands this sort of thing, and some mythical inherently reactionary black community which doesn't is, to say the least, misguided.

Director Akomfrah talks more sensibly of making "a series of alliances" between different kinds of audiences. This is not to say that there won't always be people who find any kind of anti-realist film too arty-farty and boring.

What is exciting about *Testament*, though, is that the struggle—and it feels like a struggle—to find new forms does not come out of a purist desire to follow the European avant-garde into its own blind alley, but that the old language for exploring these issues sounds like a worn-down record with the needle stuck in a groove. We don't describe much black music, with its postmodern eclecticism scratching together old and new forms, its sampling of all kinds of identities, as avant-garde, but as *popular*. This kind of breaking up low and high, marginal and centralised culture calls into question the resonance of a term like avant-garde.

It just so happens that the material that many black film-makers are working with—the construction of ethnicity, the relation of a colonial past to a post-colonial present, the experience of racism in all its subtle forms, the impossibility of national identity, of Britishness, is never a clear linear narrative that leads from the past to the present. Instead it is a cluttered journey filtered through memory, myth and many other texts. As Stuart Hall has pointed out, the return to "roots", both politically, emotionally and aesthetically, is a profoundly intertextual one that is always mediated through the forms of the present. This is the stuff of which postmodern dreams are made and it pushes ethnicity to the centre of these debates, right into the eye of the storm. In another context Toni Morrison questions the historical specificity of postmodernism when she talks of the condition of slavery as *the* postmodern experience.

So, if *Testament* suffers from the same cultural dislocation it attempts to chart, it isn't really suprising. "The end of innocence", or the end of the "essential black subject", as Hall describes, plunges us all into "a critical politics, a politics of criticism".

Flawed as it is, *Testament* is part of that transition, a brave film that stimulates as many questions as answers. For that reason alone it is worth seeing.

*Television*

# Quality pleasures

*Richard Dyer yearns for Harriet's cardigans and tea-cups*

Rupert Murdoch putting the knife into "quality drama" at the Edinburgh Television Festival is a bit of an embarrassment. "Qualities"—*Family at War, Beyond the Pale, Jewel in the Crown, After the War*—have long been the bogeys of left criticism, their emotional restraint and good taste the embodiment of a middle-class, middle-aged, suburban sensibility, their period detail the televisual equivalent of the heritage industry, their overriding tones of regret and disappointment expended on the days of empire. It may not be Thatcherite television—too sad, uncertain and backward-looking for that—but it does comfort the middle classes with the proposition that however nice their homes and clothes, they do suffer a lot and it's hard to know anyway what's right and what's wrong, everything is so nuanced and "difficult".

Qualities are often both snobbish and complacent. The knee-jerk approval they get from so many within the industry and from television critics is so insufferable that one could almost be grateful for Mr Murdoch's spade-calling, were it not for one's awareness of the incommensurably greater tide of snobbery and complacency in *his* empire. One of the problems of the knee-jerk approval ("The British do these things so well") is that it is usually couched in terms of qualities being somehow better than other things in television. They are not, necessarily. They have their own pleasures, which are their own justification.

The idea that qualities are supremely "well-done" does not really tell you what they are doing. The phrase echoes those characters in Barbara Pym novels, who oberve wistfully of women a little better off than they, that what these women wear may not look much but is "good". The well-done-ness has to do with the provenance of the material, the attention to detail and finish in acting, costume and setting, and the slowish pace, where aspects of how the thing is done take precedence over rattling through the plot or celebrating vivid performance. There is a thickness of texture in qualities, very different from most soaps or US teledramas, where milieu and income are signalled through the selection of a few opulently designed or highly suggestive items of dress and decor.

The pleasure of this well-done density is partly sensuous—*Fortunes of War* would have been worth it for Harriet's cardigans and tea-cups alone: or as a friend of mine puts it, the only trouble with qualities is that the actors will keep standing in front of the furniture. It is sensuousness in a particular register. Although qualities are undoubtedly very expensive—they are rarely set in worlds of the most extravagant or


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fashionable luxury. While most people could not afford to live as the characters in qualities do, nonetheless it is just possible to imagine being able to. Moreover, the detail and finish provide a pleasure akin to that taken by all enthusiasts of crafts. There is a delight to be had from recognising the skill and care that goes into qualities.

All of this well-done sensousness is lavished on characters, settings and situations that are overridingly domestic and local. Qualities are, therefore, sometimes characterised, pejoratively, as "superior soaps". There would be nothing wrong with them if this were so (whatever it means), but in fact it misses the point.

In qualities there are two countervailing tendencies. On the one hand, there is a strong feeling that the characters, and what is happening to them, is not really where it's at, a feeling of which they are often acutely aware. There are often off-screen, momentous world-historical events taking place: the end of the British empire in India, the rise of fascism and the second world war, the growth and decline of the welfare state, and so on. The characters, especially, but not only the women, are aware of what's going on, but unable to affect or comprehend it—hence the mood of bafflement and melancholy, the strong sense of stasis rather than dynamic plot development. Nothing could be more unlike soap operas. With them, home and community is where it's at, plots are squandered with astounding largesse. There may be recognition of "wider" realms and events, but they are marginal to the real business of family, friends, day-to-day life. Soaps and qualities may both favour the domestic, local world but, for the former, that is also the centre of the world at large whereas for qualities it is the margin.

On the other hand, the wider world does suddenly, distressingly, erupt into these margins. Wartime settings achieve this with the greatest of ease: arbitrary, unforeseeable, often gruesome deaths and maimings interrupt the round of perplexed marginality. This does not pull the characters to the centre of the world—it shatters the cosy safety of their lives while still reinforcing that sense of confusion and helplessness that is the qualities' abiding tone.

Soaps affirm and validate the importance of the immediate and the everyday, while qualities give recognition to another, surely equally widespread feeling, of events, decisions, power going on elsewhere, over there, beyond our control or comprehension, though not so far as to be incapable of hurting us.

Both such constructions of feeling have their appeals, their strengths and limitations. One is not better than another; both discourage any sense of, or desire for, empowerment in the worlds of work, politics and "society", both validate different notions of the place of the domestic and local in the world. We do not need to defend one (qualities and public-service broadcasting) at the critical expense of the other (soaps and monopolised deregulated broadcasting).

It is clear, however, that public-service broadcasting has a better record at providing both. Certainly compared with Mr Murdoch.

DEAD MEAT
AND POLICE HAVE REPORTED ANOTHER SUICIDE THIS AFTERNOON. THE VICTIM WAS A CAUCASIAN WOMAN IN HER LATE THIRTIES. THERE IS NO OTHER INFORMATION AT THIS TIME.
RING! RING!
HEY! DON'T GET ANY IDEAS, OR I'LL DROP-KICK YOUR FACE INTO NEXT WEEK!

**The burgeoning economic viability could herald a new era in the evolution of comics**

*Comics*

# Bursting bubbles

*Roger Sabin on a new comic trend*

Historians of the comics medium may well come to see this year's UK Comic Art Convention, the annual gathering in London of comics fans and professionals, as marking a watershed for the industry. Things are changing with enormous speed, and the motivation for this is coming not from traditional comics publishers, but from book publishers with little or no experience in the field. The two houses leading the way are Penguin and Gollancz (both have impressive plans for graphic novels, though only the former is represented at UKCAC)—while there are strong rumours that Corgi, Century-Hutchinson, Virago and a number of others are ready to follow if they're successful. Phase I of the comics renaissance is over: phase II could be about to begin.

Part of the attraction for these publishers is undoubtedly the fact that over the past three years the market for comics has expanded to the point where they are now a viable financial option. The success of titles like *Watchmen* and *Dark Knight*, for instance, has proved beyond any doubt that there is a sizeable adult audience for sophisticated graphic fiction. But in addition, there is the lure of what may yet be achieved with the right kind of investment: the example of Europe is frequently paraded in this respect—where virtually every book publisher has its graphic-novel line and sales become "respectable" at 50,000.

Inevitably, though, not everybody is convinced that this is the best way for the British industry to develop. It has been suggested, for instance, that unlike their European counterparts, British book publishers don't know enough about comics, have no track record in the field and are therefore likely to base their decisions purely on considerations of profit. They've made the equation that comics are trendy, it is said, and will only be interested in putting out lowest-common-denominator titles that show a healthy financial return.

But the evidence so far suggests this won't be the case. The new publishers are generally aware of their shortcomings, but have had the sense to enlist the help of experts: Penguin, for example, (which already has successes under its belt with *Maus* and *Barefoot Gen*) has benefited from the advice of Paul Gravett, editor of respected comic magazine *Escape*.

Similarly one look at the proposed lists tells a different story. Certainly there are titles in the works that are likely to be big hits: Gollancz, for instance, is producing *A Small Killing* by Alan (*Watchmen*) Moore and Oscar Zarate, while Penguin is doing *Give Me Liberty* by Frank (*Dark Knight*) Miller and Dave Gibbons. But there are also less obviously commercial titles—on Penguin's list for example, there are translations of various foreign comics (including the excellent, avant-garde *Fires* by Lorenzo Mattotti) and an original 120-page graphic novel by the relatively unknown Chris Reynolds. Taken overall, the range of forthcoming material is refreshingly varied.

Even publishers from established comics companies can see the bright side. Dick Hansom, editor at Acme Comics, explains: "It'll be good for us and companies like us because Gollancz, Penguin and the others will use their clout to get more comics into bookshops. Penetration into this market has been only limited thus far, but with their resources and influence, comics can be introduced to an audience who wouldn't otherwise come across them."

The signs certainly look positive—but there's still plenty of room for mistakes. If the market becomes flooded, or if sales simply aren't there, the whole experiment could be dead and buried by the time UKCAC 90 comes around. If, however, Penguin and Gollancz can make a real go of it, and other publishers jump in as expected, it could herald an entirely new era in the evolution of comics.

*UKCAC 89 from 9-10 September, at the University of London Institute of Education, Bedford Way, WC1.*



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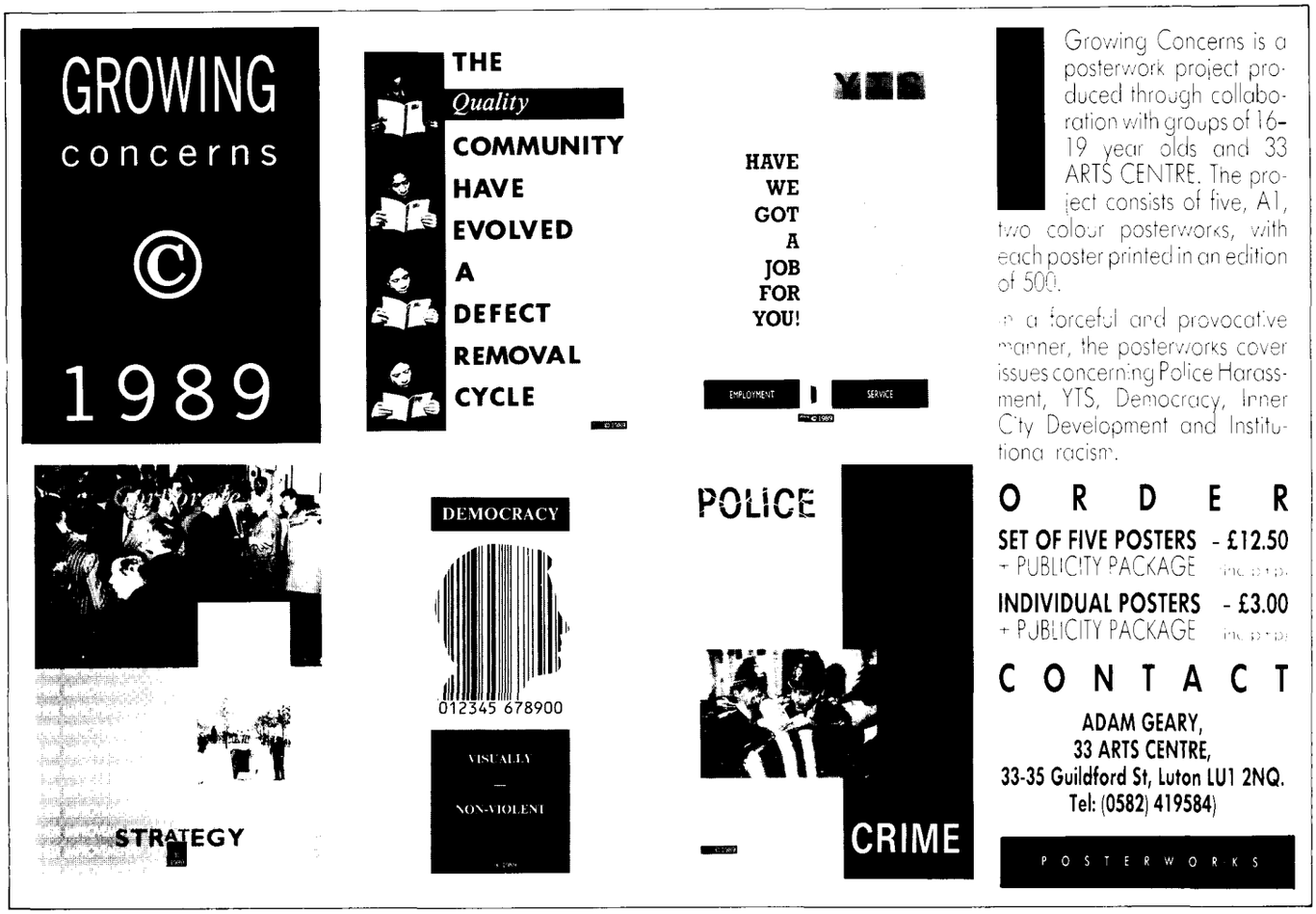
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POSTERWORKS




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*Leisure*

# Roll over women

*Maureen Freely on the uphill battles of keeping fit*

I once saw a television drama in which a marriage turned into a divorce because the husband bought his wife an electric carving knife for Christmas. I didn't sympathise with the woman—what a crybaby, I thought, for getting so upset about one little double-edged gift— but I also thought the man ought to have known better than to give his wife a weapon unless it was designed so that she could only use it against herself. The husband who wants to keep his wife at home *and* consumed with self-disgust will buy her an exercise bicycle.

Now don't get me wrong. I am unspeakably earnest when it comes to fitness. I have to be. When you are as old as I am (37), there is no getting around the fact that vanity requires daily maintenance. But when I get on a bicycle, I want more out of the ride than strong leg muscles and an efficient cardiovascular system. I want to get out of the house. My idea of hell is to cycle in place with nothing to look at but the capless shampoo bottles and carelessly strewn towels on my bathroom floor.

I have no use for these rowing machines, treadmills, and home skiing machines I see advertised in every women's magazine I do not admit to reading. If I do any rowing, I want it to be in a boat on a river. I want to ski on mountains—not in front of the TV—and I want to do my walking on the downs—not on a piece of moving rubber in the privacy of my own Skinner box fitness room.

There is more to exercise than moving limbs. If I go swimming, it may be primarily for my damaged lungs, but it is also to show off all the bathing suits I bought in Miami—and also to get rid of (some of) my aggression by backstroking accidentally on purpose into a few people. It is a great way to break up the work day. For the 48 minutes it takes to do my mile, I can forget that I am a nice, self-effacing single mother struggling to make ends meet on inadequate maintenance, and become a monster whose only thought is to beat the clock, hog the fast lane and kick any man who dares to do the butterfly.

I would be deprived of all these pleasures if I installed the kind of pool I first saw advertised in the *New Yorker* and now see on a regular basis in my nightmares. It is an elongated bathtub with a current that allows you to swim in place. Now talk about a metaphor for the modern condition! Who invented that one, Beckett or Camus? Even Sisyphus has it better. At least he spends most of his time rolling his stone uphill. At least he has a job to do. He may be unhappy with his lot, but at least he isn't fooling himself. At least he isn't telling everyone how wonderful boulder-pushing is for his muscle tone.

He has no choice. The exercising woman does, and ought to know better. If, having fallen for the page three promises of the fitness business, she passes up on the health club and decides to stay at home with a rowing machine and a Jane Fonda shriek-ercise tape, she only has herself to blame. That, at any rate, is what I said to my sister Eileen the other day as we sat at Didcot Station waiting for a train.

My sister took a more charitable view. She maintained that the exercise bicycle women don't realise what they're doing to themselves. If they did, they would stop immediately. The idea, then, was to redesign home exercise machines so as to expose their true function.

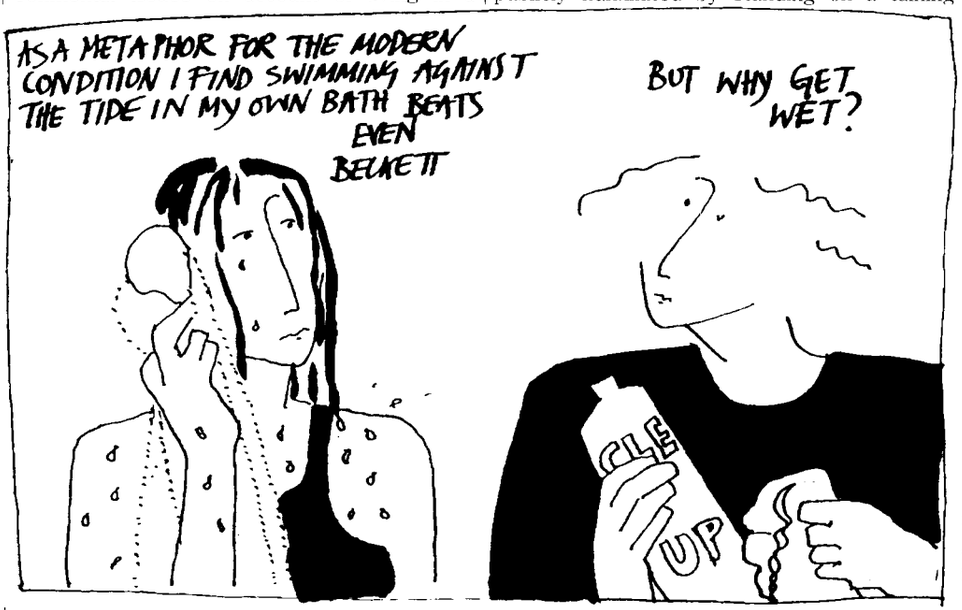
I suggested the treadmill kitchen, the car with pedals instead of clutch and accelerator, the "up the down escalator" staircase (with adjustable speeds), the untrainable dog, self-hiding children's shoes, and the self-unmaking bed that insults you.

She countered that it was not enough to make the exercise bicycle women angry. The point was to use that anger productively. She is a grassroots feminist who is obsessed with environmental issues on account of living in a (foreign) city so smoggy that her children have to wear gas masks outside during the winter. She thinks it is up to women to save the world that men have been destroying with aerosol cans. She thinks women, like cars, should be energy efficient.

She suggested harnessing home exercise machines to new earth-friendly functions. Why, for example, depend on electricity if you have a woman who is willing to generate power with her own two feet? The exercise bicycle and the treadmill could both be redesigned to feed into a generator. The rowing machine could be adjusted to act as a water pump—although the hand exerciser could provide the same function. The incentive to perform well would be high—it would no longer be a question of feeling ashamed about having forgotten to cycle or treadwalk that mile—it would be a question of having no hot water. It would be a question of dressing one's family in shirts with rings around the collar and telltale grey socks.

She said that if women took on the responsibility of providing all the energy their families needed, they really *would* need that home ski machine in front of the TV to strengthen those knees. The "up the down escalator" staircase would be essential for those important leg muscles, and there might even be a place for a "rowcar"—to tone those tummy muscles while doing the school run. She also thought that we could redesign other machines so as actively to discourage frivolous pleasure seeking. Her favourite was the exercise refrigerator that will not open until you have performed ten or more tasks in front of the mirror that is on its door. My favourite was the modernised bar bell—a telephone that weighs as many pounds as your bill.

She thought we could take steps to improve standards outside the home, too. Fat is an ecological issue, she insisted. Overweight people were inefficient people and therefore a danger to the environment. They should be banned from public places, like cigarettes. The high cholesterol foods they eat should be taxed. She herself once lost ten pounds after being publicly humiliated by standing on a talking scale. She thought there should be more of these around, and also perhaps that fat people who weighed themselves on them should be clamped.


AS A METAPHOR FOR THE MODERN CONDITION I FIND SWIMMING AGAINST THE TIDE IN MY OWN BATH BEATS EVEN BECKETT
BUT WHY GET WET?
CLE
UP
Min Cooper

It was at this point that the man on the public announcement system informed us that the train we were waiting for had terminated in Swindon due to industrial action. As we looked down the empty track, we wondered if the day would ever come when we could turn it into a bicycle path. We fantasised about tearing down Didcot Power Station. We agreed, however, that if we ever did become powerful enough to provide all our own energy, we must never forget the lessons of the industrial age. It would still be important to unionise. Strikes would continue to be essential. Just think what it would do to the economy if all the women in the country rolled over at the same time and said they had headaches! We went home thinking that the point of the exercise was not to lose our chains but to redesign them to our collective advantage.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**VOLUNTEER NOTICE BOARD is a free service provided by New Statesman & Society with financial assistance from Thames Television's Help programme. Interested organisations are invited to send their copy (approximately 45 words) to Dawn King at New Statesman & Society, Foundation House, Perseverance Works, 38 Kingsland Road, London, E2 8DQ by Friday preceding publication date. Please note this service is for recruiting volunteers only. If you have salaried vacancies contact the Classified Department on 01-739-1645.**

**NATIONAL TOY LIBRARIES** Association is seeking a volunteer to assist in preparing for our Play Matters' Week in October. A variety of clerical tasks will be carried out in a small, friendly (n/s) office, 2 minutes walk from Euston Station. Contact Sonja Hampson - NTLA/Play Matters, 68 Churchway, London, NW1 1LT. Tel. No. 01 387 9592.

**THE NATIONAL ALLIANCE** of Women's Organisations urgently needs committed volunteers to help in its busy office. The most compelling need is for word-processing skills but there is scope for volunteers to be fully involved in the development of this dynamic and expanding new organisation. Travel expenses and lunch allowance paid. Tel. 01 247 7052.

**THE FELLOWSHIP OF** Reconciliation is working for Justice and Peace through non-violent means. We need help in various areas and would welcome someone with typing skills to deal with basic database entries and word-processing. We have a small, friendly office in Vauxhall. Travel costs, lunch and Hob-nobs are provided. Please phone Ginnie on 01 582 9054.

**MEDICAL CAMPAIGN** Against Nuclear Weapons needs volunteers with skills for parliamentary and press monitoring, admin. and other tasks which in 1990 will include preparation for international conference. Contact: Tony Smythe, Director, MCANW, 601 Holloway Rd, London N19 4DJ.

**BRISTOL: FULL-TIME** volunteer needed to work with single homeless men in 50 bed hostel in Bristol for a minimum period of 6 months. Seperate accommodation provided, plus £40 per week. Contact: Julie Lord, Redwood House, 1 Wade Street, St. Judes, Bristol. BS2 9DS. Tel. (0272) 556358.

**KIDS** - Working for Children with Special Needs, requires volunteers to help with general office duties up until Christmas. If you can spare an hour or so a week to help we'd love to hear from you. Please contact Renos Pittarides on 01-969 2817.

**SHELTER** - National Campaign for the Homeless - needs volunteers immediately to help with essential but easy fundraising work in our office. Reasonable travel and meal expenses paid. For further information, phone Ginny Baumann on 01-253 0202 at Shelter, 88 Old St, London, EC1V 9HU.

**WOMEN AGAINST** Sexual Harassment urgently seek Treasurer to oversee the finances of the organisation, to liaise with the accountants, Inland Revenue etc. WASH is a voluntary organisation which advises and supports women who are experiencing sexual harassment at work. Contact Valerie Mainstone 01 833 0222.

# HELP!

***The HELP programme is a 4 minute local programme appearing at 6.20 pm approximately (check TV Times) on Thames TV, three times a week. Here is a summary of this week's programmes.***

THAMES HELP! has finished for the summer but will be returning in September. As usual we have produced booklets to accompany many of the programmes in the series. Recent publications include:

SPECIAL CARE BABIES
SPECIAL NEEDS EDUCATION
VIOLENCE BREEDS VIOLENCE
(The Case Against Smacking)
LEGIONNAIRES DISEASE
ALTERNATIVE MEDICINE

If you would like these booklets or any of our publications they are free and can be obtained by writing to:
Thames Help!
PO BOX 11 London NW1 3HZ.

**WANT TO VOLUNTEER** work in London area no matter what the job is, had previous experience maximum length is six months to 1 year language ability - Bengali, English, German, Hindi and Urdu. Special interest in retarded people. Please contact Saiful Islam Talukder, House No.1 / 15, Lane No.19, (2nd floor), block-B, Section-10, Mirpur, Dhaka-1221, Bangladesh. (Travel Self-financed).

**THE SIMON COMMUNITY** in London requires volunteers to care and campaign with homeless people. We run an emergency nightshelter and three residential houses. Full board and pocket money provided. You don't need previous experience, you do need enthusiasm, initiative, commitment and the ability to cope with demanding situations. For more information contact The Simon Community, P.O. Box 1187, London, NW5 4HW.

**THE HIGHBURY TRAINING &** Counselling Centre needs a volunteer or volunteers to staff the phone and help according to ability (e.g. fundraising, admin.). Reliability and sensitivity important. Possibility for training in counselling for the right person/s. Contact HTCC on 01 226 2190 or 704 8300.

**WOMEN'S** Organisation seeks volunteers to help with: organising a Conference, fund-raising, newsletter and mailings, maintaining an archive of press cuttings etc. Women Against Sexual Harassment is a voluntary organisation based in Central London which advises and supports women who are experiencing sexual harassment at work. Please contact Valerie Mainstone 01 833 0222.

**BROMLEY AUTISTIC TRUST** seeks a responsible resident Volunteer (non-smoker) to join residents and careworkers at small home near Bromley town centre for five autistic people (1 woman, 4 men, aged 28 - 37 years) attending Day Centres. Innovative now well-established project, provides good learning opportunities. Accommodation and food, plus weekly payment. Please phone (0689) 57239 for further information.

**"HONORARY AUDITORS" are** sought by national 'special needs' housing association. Particular need in North, Midlands, East Anglia and South-West. No auditing experience necessary but an understanding of book-keeping & the ability to communicate this to non-accounts staff is essential. Contact: Julie Peel, SHA, 54 Ayres Street, London SE1 1EU. Tel: 01-403 1144.

**CHRISTMAS IS COMING** and CND needs some help! Lots of cards, wrapping paper and other goods to be sent out. Help also needed in CND shop. Please ring Laura or Mark on 250 4010. Travel & lunch expenses paid. (Nearest tube Old St.).

**LEONARD CHESHIRE HOME** for ten people with a mental handicap in S.E. Lonndon requires volunteer Care Assistants. Accommodation & expenses + allowance paid . Contact Nick Baxter/ Louise Child 01 659 8962.

**CAMBRIDGE.** Women needed to work with incest survivors. Scope for hostel work, outreach & information work, fundraising & project work. Training provided + opportunities to develop areas of interest. Expenses paid. We are a feminist collective committed to developing an equal opportunities policy. Telephone Cambridge 314438 (24 hour ansaphone).

**PARENTS & UNDER 5's** Group for Homeless Families in Bed and Breakfast accommodation needs more enthusiastic and committed volunteers. Work is interesting and varied. Meets weekly on Wednesdays 12 noon - 3 pm in Ealing W.5 (few minutes from Ealing Broadway Station). Reasonable travel expenses paid plus lunch. Phone 01-997 1620.

**AGORAPHOBIC SUPPORT** Group. The Westminster Association for Mental Health need volunteers with or without experience. Driver/ car owners are also in urgent demand. If you are interested please contact Diane on 969 2434.

**BE A FRIEND** - Be a volunteer. Can you spare a couple of hours, to befriend the elderly residents of Langthorne Hospital? If you are able to commit your time on a regular basis and are willing to help with the many varied activities, then please contact Ann Corbett, at Voluntary Services Co-ordination, Langthorne Hospital, Leytonstone E11 4HJ. Tel: 539 5511.


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## Appointments

**SOCIAL SERVICES DEPARTMENT**
Juvenile Resource Team
**Intermediate Treatment Officer**
SO 1/2 £14,544 - £16,665 pa inc

To work as part of a team of I.T. Officers developing and managing I.T. in the southern part of Camden. You should have an understanding of I.T. and other aspects of the Juvenile Justice System.

You will be expected to have experience of working with difficult adolescents and developing and delivering suitable programmes, including undertaking detached work in the community. Additionally you will be expected to attend court with young people and write reports on their behalf.

I.T. and court sections in Camden have amalgamated and the successful applicant will be expected to play a full integrated part in the new Juvenile Justice Team, including standing in for Court Officers when directed.

Application form from and to be returned to Social Services Departmental Personnel Unit, Willing House, 356/364 Grays Inn Road, London WC1X 8BH Tel 01 837 5621 (ansaphone) Quoting ref. 10/103/NS. Closing date 29th Septmeber 1989.

Camden Services

*equal opportunity employer*
*Applicants are considered on the basis of their suitability for the post, with equal opportunities for women, black/ethnic minorities, lesbians and gay men and people with disabilities, and regardless of marital status, age, creed/religion and unrelated criminal conviction. All posts are open for job-sharing.*

**OV SELECTION**
have a number of vacancies for temporary & permanent office staff with typing skills. We welcome enquiries from mature people as well as College leavers.
**Phone Odette Veazey,**
**OV Selection (Emp. Agy), Abford House,**
**15 Wilton Road, London SW1V 1LT.**
**01-828 8345.**

**CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING**
**01-739 1645**


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THE UPSTAIRS PROJECT

182 Hammersmith Rd · London W6 7DJ · Tel 01 741 3335

COUNSELLING AND DROP-IN CENTRE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

# CO ORDINATOR

THE UPSTAIRS PROJECT, a counselling and drop-in service for young people, seeks a Co-ordinator. We are a grant-aided voluntary agency based in Hammersmith and Fulham, a multi-racial inner city area.

The person appointed will need a background of practice in the field of human relations which includes some counselling experience. Sound organisational skills will be necessary to manage a staff team of 5, including counsellors, youth workers and an administrator. Experience in the voluntary sector is desirable, and the Co-ordinator will be expected to continue the practice of evaluation of the service. S/he must be committed to the Project's policy on equal opportunities.

Salary £17,505 per annum.

**For further information and application form, please write or telephone the Upstairs Project, 182 Hammersmith Road, London W6 7DJ. Tel. 01-741 3335. Closing date is 20 September. Interviews will be held in the week beginning 25 September.**

---

RIVERSIDE HEALTH AUTHORITY
Mental Health Unit

## NURSING ASSISTANT (Grade A)

Charing Cross Hospital

Required to join the multi-disciplinary team of our acute psychiatric day hospital. This post would suit a graduate wishing to gain some clinical experience for 1 - 2 years prior to pursuing a career in one of the health professions.

The successful applicant will assist keyworkers with the planning, implementation and evaluation of care for individual clients; as well as playing an active role in the implementation of the day hosp tal group/activity programme. An emphasis is placed on staff training and development.

For further information/informal visit contact Nasim Fraiz (Sister) or Sarah St. George (Senior Occupational Therapist) 01-846 1507. For job description/application form contact Personnel Department, 4, Collingham Gardens, London SW5 01-846 6617.

Please quote ref no: YB/15

*Closing date: 22 September 1989*

---

## Waltham Forest MENCAP

# CO-ORDINATOR

A new appointment. We require someone mature, very flexible and hard working with a total commitment to care in the community and for the needs of people with learning difficulties. A proven experience of managerial, liaison and leadership skills essential.

Salary scale PO1 £13,497 - £14,559 plus LW £837 per annum (pay award pending).

For further details send s.a.e. to Waltham Forest MENCAP Centre, 1a Matlock Rd, Leyton. E10 6BN.

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# Lothian Regional Council

## Department of Social Work

## RESIDENTIAL AND DAY CARE

Edinburgh, Scotland's capital, is the country's administrative, financial and cultural centre with first class road, rail and air links with most destinations.
This ancient and historic city offers a unique combination of beautiful architecture, lovely surrounding countryside and a pleasant atmosphere giving a quality of life unmatched by other cities in the UK.
Lothian is a forward looking and innovative Social Work Department providing excellent social services to its population.

### GROUP WORKER

**£10,596-£13,824**
**VICTORIA PARK CHILDREN'S CENTRE, EDINBURGH**
Appropriately qualified person with substantial group work experience and interest in supporting and developing initiatives with parents of pre-school aged children required. Applicants will require to demonstrate flexibility, creativity, practical skills and an understanding of the needs of young families.
Informal enquiries to the Co-ordinator, Tel. 031-554 2003.
**Ref. No. 5716AAA**

### VOCATIONAL OPPORTUNITIES OFFICER

**£10,596-£11,667**
**BONNINGTON RESOURCE CENTRE, EDINBURGH**
Applicants should be suitably qualified/experienced persons to assist people with learning difficulties to prepare for and maintain a variety of different kinds of employment. Candidates should accept the principles of normalisation, be committed to community integration and have appropriate experience in this area of work.
CSS/CQSW or appropriate qualification preferred.
Informal enquiries to Mike McCabe, Manager on Tel. 031-555 0920.
**Ref. No. 6817AAA**

### DEPUTE MANAGER

**£13,824-£15,099**
**TYNEBANK ADULT TRAINING CENTRE, HADDINGTON, NEAR EDINBURGH (84 places)**
Tynebank provides a wide range of internal and community based facilities and opportunities for adults with a broad spectrum of mental handicaps. The Depute Manager will:
— Take responsibility for the full programme planning of 12 adults with multiple and/or severe handicaps.
— Take joint responsibility for the wide management tasks, in particular community integration and individual programme planning.
Candidates should have relevant experience and appropriate qualifications.
For further information and to arrange an informal visit please telephone Betty Brownlee, Manager on 062 082 4415.
This is a readvertisement. Previous applicants need not re-apply.
**Ref. No. 6722ABA**

### ASSISTANT HEAD
(EDUCATION OR SOCIAL WORK)

**Education up to £23,903 per annum**
**Social Work up to £20,622 per annum (pay award pending on Social Work Scale)**
**WELLINGTON SCHOOL, PENICUIK, NEAR EDINBURGH**
We are seeking to recruit a person of the highest calibre to join the Senior Management Team at this Unit. The post will either be filled by a registered Teacher or by a qualified Social Worker, hence the optional salaries quoted.
Candidates should be registered teachers/qualified social workers to join the senior management team at this residential school situated 10 miles south of Edinburgh. The school provides a high standard of care and education for up to 50 boys (aged 12 to 16) who have social, emotional and behavioural difficulties.
The person appointed will be expected to lead an experienced staff team and will share the senior residential duties with the Head and Deputies on a rota basis.
Informal enquiries to Andrew McCracken, Head on Tel. (71) 72515.
**Ref. No. 6963AAA**

**APPLICATION FORMS ARE AVAILABLE FROM THE PERSONNEL OFFICER, 7 SHRUB PLACE, EDINBURGH**

**TEL. 031-554 3997**

**(ANSWERPHONE MACHINE IN OPERATION 24 HRS PER DAY)**
**Closing date: 22.9.89.**

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LOTHIAN



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# GREATER LONDON ARTS

Changes in education, training, public subsidy, local government, urban regeneration and broadcasting all have major implications for London's arts.

*GLA is taking the lead in developing strategies and partnerships to meet the challenges of this rapidly changing cultural, social and economic context.*

We wish to appoint, at senior level, an

## ARTS OFFICER

**(Strategy and Regional Development Group)**

You'll need: skills in planning, policy development and project management.

Experience of developing performing arts buildings and a knowledge of the business sector would be an advantage.

Salary: NJC Scale 28 - 41, £13,962 - £19,725. A well experienced candidate will be appointed at mid-scale.

*Deadline for completed applications:* Friday 6 October 1989.

**Write for further details and an application form, quoting ref AON, to the Director, Greater London Arts, 9 White Lion Street, London N1 9PD.**

We encourage applications from Black and disabled people and people from other ethnic minorities as we are under-represented in these areas (Section 38 (i) (b) of the Race Relations Act 1976).

GLA is striving to be an equal opportunities employer.

# Member Relations Manager

**£17,355p.a., car allowance and additional benefits.**
**22.5 hours/3 days per week (flexible) pro rata.**

Cambridge & District Co-operative Society is a progressive consumer Co-op. Based in Cambridge, the Society trades from a large number of shops over five counties.

We are looking for a person who welcomes a challenge, to join our existing Member Relations Manager in developing and implementing a programme designed to strengthen links with our 25,000 members and encourage their participation in the democratic running of the Society. Contact with community groups and schools is a valued part of our work.

The successful applicant will work to the Member Relations Committee and in close contact with the rest of the Society's management. S/he will have good communication skills and an ability to innovate, organise and motivate.

For an informal discussion phone Vivian Woodell on (0223) 358844 ext. 2324.

**Please write or telephone for a job description and specification to Julian Pirie, Personnel & Training Manager, Cambridge & District Co-operative Society Ltd., P.O. Box 53, Cambridge CB1 3ER. Tel: (0223) 358844 ext. 2226**

Closing date for applications 2nd October 1989.

We are an equal opportunities employer.

# ALCOHOL COUNSELLOR

**An exciting opportunity exists for a Counsellor to join our successful Minor Clinic Alcohol Treatment Programme team at:**

**THE WOODBOURNE CLINIC**
**21 Woodbourne Road**
**Edgbaston, Birmingham B17 8BY**
**(021) 429 4511**

**We seek an experienced Counsellor to enhance our Minnesota Model based programme.**

**Knowledge of the 12-step recovery programme and the disease concept of alcoholism is important. Recovering alcoholics who apply must have at least five years' abstinence as well as relevant qualifications.**

**This position offers excellent working conditions and benefits within the Priory Hospitals Group.**

**Salary: c£10K, negotiable according to experience and qualifications.**

**For details and applications form please apply in writing to the Hospital Director at the above address.**

**UNIVERSITY OF SALFORD**
**Department of Sociology and Anthropology**

## RESEARCH FELLOW IN SOCIOLOGY

The successful candidate will work in collaboration with Professor Ian Taylor on an exploratory research project focussing on questions of public provision, and the sense of public well-being, in shopping centres and public transport arenas.

The post is for one year, in the first instance, from 1 October 1989 with a commencing salary in the range £9816 - £11,736 a year and USS benefits. The intention is that the project will be continued beyond one year, subsequent to further funding applications. The University is an Equal Opportunity Employer.

Letters of application, including a full curriculum vitae and the names and addresses of two referees should be sent to the Registrar, University of Salford, Salford, M5 4WT by 25 September 1989 quoting reference SOC/85/NSS. Informal enquiries may be made to Professor Ian Taylor (tel 061-736 5843 ext 7083).

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Please allow 28 days for delivery.

## [redacted] Public Transport [redacted] Information Unit

*Progressive public transport research centre working for local authorities and trade unions nationwide, requires a:*

## RESEARCH ASSISTANT

To undertake original and monitoring work on all aspects of public transport services, financing and policy.

Ability to write clearly on complex issues, and to evaluate and analyse data essential. Some transport knowledge an advantage.

Salary £11,058 (pay award pending). For details and application form, contact: PTIU Ltd., 308 Grays Inn Road, London, WC1X 8DY. Tel. 01 837 4053 (24 hour answering machine). Closing date for applications: Friday 6 October 1989.



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# C·A·M·D·E·N

**SOCIAL SERVICES DEPARTMENT**
**ADMINISTRATION AND INFORMATION DIVISION**

# Assistant Director of Social Services

## £29,367-£31,992

Our objective is to make Camden's personal Social Services more responsive to the different and changing needs in our urban, multi-racial community through user and provider involvement. Critical to success is the provision of an infra structure which supports and strengthens front line operations. The post of Assistant Director (Admin. and Information) will play an enabling key role in giving emphasis to the Organisation as a human resource; being proactive in addressing issues of morale, motivation, staff development and achievement, and recognition to demands and stresses on service providers, the majority of whom are women.

The post is responsible for efficiency and effectiveness of administrative services, communications, health and safety, financial services, maintenance of premises, personnel and training, transport and service level agreements with the Council's central support services.

We seek experience in managing a large, multi-disciplinary workforce, ability to set and monitor performance standards, achievement in instigating and implementing organisation and attitude change, achievement in implementing equal opportunities policies, and a commitment to the principles of devolution and a user centred management approach. **Ref: 10/112/NS.**

Applications from women will be particularly welcome.

Closing date: 29th September 1989.

**Application form from and to be returned to Personnel & Management Services Departmental Personnel Unit, 5th Floor, Room 510, 141 Euston Road, London NW1 2AY. Tel: 01-387 0910 (ansaphone).**

*Camden Services*

equal opportunity employer

*Applicants are considered on the basis of their suitability for the post, with equal opportunities for women, black/ethnic minorities, lesbians and gay men and people with disabilities, and regardless of marital status, age, creed/religion and unrelated criminal conviction. All posts are open for job-sharing.*

# WAGES RIGHTS WORKER

**SALARY £10,743 p.a.**

**(Applications from candidates wishing to job share will be considered)**

**Funding for this post can only be guaranteed up to March, 1990.**

The successful applicant will provide advice and information to low paid workers, contribute to and develop training programmes, conduct research on employment, welfare and other legislation affecting the low paid and organise information campaigns.
The position requires a familiarity with employment law and some knowledge of social security law. An interest in the work of the Unit and a capacity to develop the profile of the Wages Rights Service, together with an ability to work as part of a busy team will be important.
**Application forms available from: The Administrator, Northern Region Low Pay Unit, Box 21, GPO Keppel Street, South Shields NE33 1AA. Tel: 091-454 5511.**
Closing date for applications: Friday, September 22, 1989.
***The Northern Region Low Pay Unit is striving to be an equal opportunities employer.***

# ISLINGTON AGE CONCERN

**ASST. INFORMATION OFFICER (PART-TIME)**

18 hours per week
Salary £5,660 pa (mid-point Scale 4 NJC)

Islington is an area with an increasing number of black and ethnic elderly people. We need someone with good communication skills, common sense and an organised approach to work with the Information Officer to maintain and develop information services for older people and to supervise the practical home visiting scheme. Some experience of information work (including welfare rights) and supervision of volunteers is essential.

**This post is not suitable for people unable to climb stairs.**

Application form and details from Islington Age Concern, 424 St. John Street, London EC1V 4NJ. Tel. 278 6994.
Closing date: Friday 29th September 1989
We welcome applications from all sections of the community.

**AS A MATTER OF FAX: 01 739 9307**


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## SUSSEX AIDS CENTRE & HELPLINE

There are three posts now available at the Sussex Aids Centre. You will be joining an active and dynamic voluntary organisation consisting of 17 full time staff members and 140 volunteers, providing the full range of services within the field of AIDS. These three posts are a part of a professional team of counsellors, social workers, nurses, auxiliaries and volunteers providing a comprehensive support system to people living with AIDS, their friends and relatives. All post holders are also expected to make a full contribution to staff and volunteer support systems.

## BODY POSITIVE WORKER

To work with the Body Positive Group, to enable and foster a self help group approach to living with AIDS and HIV geared towards people's different needs and expectations. You will also be responsible for continued development of activities in the Drop-in Centre. Where appropriate, you will work with people on an individual basis, providing specialist counselling and support or ensuring that it is provided by others.

## HIV COUNSELLOR GROUP WORKER

To work with people with AIDS/HIV, their friends and relatives, in the position of specialist counselling and support work, which may also include group work with people who share similar issues, such as, work with those who have been bereaved or support to carers.

## SOCIAL WORKER

This post is funded by the West Sussex Social Services and you will be responsible for developing that Department's response to AIDS/HIV, liaising between statutory and voluntary sector, running a training programme for Departmental staff and being available to provide support and consultation to generic Social Workers. A CQSW is required and experience of working with drug users or in the field of mental health would be an advantage.

For the other two posts we are looking for committed counsellors/group workers with experience of working in the voluntary sector or statutory sector and preferably experience of working with people with AIDS/HIV. You must be committed to encouraging a self help approach and empowering people with AIDS/HIV to maintain a high quality of life. You will need a professional qualification in Social Work, counselling or nursing, together with appropriate experience.

**Salary scale is £11,301-£14,929**

**For informal enquiries phone:**
**Mike Fitzsimmons — Counselling and Support Services Co-ordinator**
**or,**
**Graham Wilkinson — Director**
**Telephone: (0273) 608511**

**Application forms available from:**
**SACH,**
**PO Box 17,**
**Brighton,**
**East Sussex,**
**BN2 5NQ.**

**Closing date for applications: Wednesday, September 20, 1989.**

# Courses

Personal Skills Workshops Co-ordination

"Exploring Your Creative Potential: A New Direction in Stress Management"

A Fully Residential Weekend Course at Hazelwood House, Devon

Friday 29 September - Sunday 1 October 1989

Personal counselling, group sessions and workshops to release your creative potential through works, art, music and relaxation, in idyllic Avon valley setting.

Course Fee £275.00 (includes all tuition, materials, full board and accommodation).

**Further information and booking forms from: Sue Roberts or Angela Wunnam, Hepwell Mill, Quethiock, Liskeard, Cornwall PL14 3SF. Telephone 0579 42832.**

## THE WOMEN'S THERAPY CENTRE

## "WORKING WITH WOMEN — A PSYCHODYNAMIC APPROACH"

This is one part-time course (Mon eves) for women who work in the caring professions, and have some kind of psychodynamic input into their work with women. The course will cover issues such as the mother-daughter relationship, adolescence, motherhood, and will have inputs on child sexual abuse, abortion, women in groups etc.

**For further information please phone 263 6200, leaving your name, address, and stating the name of the course. Cost £500.**

**Course starts October 9 — Closing date for Applications September 18.**

## DISABILITY BENEFITS TRAINING COURSES 1989

Means tested benfits for people with disabilities
Oct 17th

Benefits for young people with disabilities
Oct 24th

Cost: £45 per day

**Details/ booking: Training/ Membership worker, Disability Alliance ERA, 25 Denmark St, London WC2H 8NJ**

# Conferences

**Health Services Management section, Centre for Continuing Education**
**University of Newcastle upon Tyne**

## INTO ACTION ON COMMUNITY CARE

**A major conference on Tuesday 10th October 1989**

A chance to identify issues, share information and formulate action with other senior managers and practitioners, following the government's response to Griffiths. Speakers include Dr P Horrocks, Mr G Hulme (Griffiths Advisory Panel) and Mr R Brazil, Dr D Challis and Mr T Stainton (first Canadian Service Broker).

The venue is Newcastle Civic Centre, fees are £60 Statutory Services, £40 voluntary agencies.

FOR FURTHER DETAILS PLEASE CONTACT: Miss B-J Moat, Centre for Continuing Education, University of Newcastle upon Tyne NE1 7RU. Telephone (091) 222 6000 ext 6579.

Is it hard to find affordable residential care or nursing homes for elderly people in your area?

## WHAT PRICE CARE?

*Friday, 29 September 1989*
*CBI Conference Centre, London*
*£15 (volorgs £10)*

A conference to highlight current problems in paying for long stay care and to discuss how they can be resolved, now and in future.

*Further details:*
Conference Unit, Age Concern England.
Tel: 01-640 5431.

Closing date 22 September

AGE Concern

## Part-Time MSc in Urban Planning Studies

A two-year degree investigating contemporary problems of local urban policy and development. Advanced inter-disciplinary study and specialist options in Housing and Employment Policy. The course is aimed particularly at people who are directly involved in attempts to promote effective policy responses to urban problems.

**Enquiries: Dr M.N. Geddes**
**Admissions Tutor,**
**South Bank Polytechnic,**
**Wandsworth Road,**
**London SW8 2JZ.**
**Tel: 01-928 8989,**
**Ext. 3040 or 3007.**

SOUTH BANK POLYTECHNIC



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## Therapy

**UPSET? BRIEF FOCAL THERAPHY** helps you take control of your life, decide what to do next - and do it! Experienced qualified woman counsellor. Telephone (01) 855 5001.

## Personal

**HOLIDAYS for the unattached, independent traveller, over 30.**

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## Course

**EIGENWELT LONDON.** Counselling, Groupwork and Psychodrama. Short Courses & Diploma Programmes in London, Midlands, Newcastle and Scotland. Contact: Cordelia Grimwood, 12 Howitt Road, London NW3 4LL. Telephone: 01-586 3254.

## Holiday/Travel

**SOUTHERN SPAIN** self-contained apartment in old olive mill. 12 miles from coast. Beautiful and unspoilt. Tel: (0923) 857760.

**JOURNEY LATIN AMERICA** Small group - escorted tours; low cost flights, JLA, 16 Devonshire Road, London, W4 2HD. or telephone (01) 747-8315.

## Counselling

**SLEEPING DREAMS, WAKING DREAMERS**

On-going Group experience in self-reflection and intuitive relating through dream sharing.

**Mon eves 7.30 - 9.30 pm £8 per group. Information: 208 2178.**

## Booksellers

**SCARCE BOOK SERVICE** list wants 01-876 7254. Hammersmith Books, High Street. London SW13 9LR.

# Property File

## Property to Let

**CANTERBURY,** beautiful 8 bed 16th century community house, 3 acres, horses, goats, hens trout river. Enthusiastic, sharing vegetarians wanted. (Unemployed welcome). Tel. Martin 01 407 5555 x5130 (w) or 0272 738204 (H).

## Meetings

**THEOSOPHY.** Informal meetings on Hypnotism/ Psychism September every Sunday 8 - 9pm S.A.E for information, ULT, 62 Queens Gardens, London W2.

## Employment Wanted

**LOYAL, DISCREET,** experienced, competent, PERSONAL MANAGER, available to work for compatible person. London-based. Box (36) 736.

## Conferences

**GENDER AND MODERNISM:** international conference at the College of St Paul and St Mary, Cheltenham from September 14-16, 1989. Speakers will include Sandra Gilbert and Susan Gubar (making their first joint appearance in the U.K.) Francoise Defromont, Sandra Kemp, Faith Pullin, Peter Nicholls, Christine Bat- tersby and Tony Pinkney. Further details contact Clare Hanson, 0242 513836 or 580066, or Roger Bromley, 0993 771592.

## Heartsearch

**OLD FRIENDS:** an introduction agency for the over forties. Loneliness is not inevitable. Details from: Anne Brent, 18a Highbury New Park, London, N5 2DB. Tel: 01-226 5432.

**AFFECTIONATE MAN, (37)** successful in business with wide interests in theatre, literature and travelling, lives in London, currently separated. Seeks new friendships with attractive women aged 25-40. Please reply to: Box (35) 727.

**VEGGY AND LONESOME?** Wherever you are, ring 01-348 5229 (anytime).

**MAN, 66,** warm-natured, considerate, healthy. Seeks lively female friend, 58+, to share wide interests, and good conversation. Inner London please. Letters, photos - meetings? No demands. Please reply to Box (36) 737.

**SLIM, ATTRACTIVE,** vivacious, professional lady (widow, 48, with lively 13 year old daughter) seeks to share life again with mature, confident and intelligent man. Please write to Box (36) 733.

**MAN 31, WEST MIDLANDS** professional, left-wing, seeks female with sense of humour for friendship, possibly more. Interests:conversation, arts, politics, environment. Photo appreciated. Please write to Box (36) 734.

**OUTGOING PRESENTABLE** widower - architect (own practice) - poet (published work and public readings) - boogie woogie pianist (trying). Enjoys walking, music, conversation, social drinking - seeks attractive woman of middle years for friendship, companionship, loving, whatever. N.W. London area. Box (36) 735.

**WANTED:** Male friends for companionship. If you want the pleasure of female company without the entanglements of a heterosexual relation- ship, take the plunge and answer this ad. Please write including phone number to Box (36) 807.

**EDUCATED PROFESSIONAL MAN,** sense of humour, 50-65, sought by warm, petite post-graduate woman, young 50, to share most NS interests during their best years. Please write to Box (36) 808.


# *Nothing but the best!*

TWO'S COMPANY

And why not? You're the sort of person who values good relationships and basically, feels very positive about life. Now you're thinking of sharing it all with someone who feels the same. You're also wise enough to know that finding the person who's right for you requires a very subtle alchemy.

We think we know a thing or two about alchemy at *TWO'S COMPANY!* We believe in a quietly considered approach to relationships, because we're rather sensitive to the way other people feel.

That's why we're so good at introducing people who belong together!

If you'd like to find out more about us, please contact us at: 92, New Cavendish Street, London W1M 7FA. Tel. 01 323 3435.

***TWO'S COMPANY*** - *Where introductions are a gentle art!*


**I FIND INDIAN WOMAN GORGEOUS.** John, considerate, warm, affectionate, sensual (very young 40s) would love to meet similar young woman (23-35) for close warm friendship and hopefully more. Non-smoker. Photo please. (London). Please reply to Box (35) 711.

**DATELINE'S PSYCHOLOGICALLY** accurate introductions lead to pleasant friendships, spontaneous affairs, firm lasting relationships including marriage. All ages/areas, free details: Dept 828, 23 Abingdon Road, London W8, Telephone (01) 983 1011.

**ATTRACTIVE SINGLE MAN** quiet, intelligent, deep, wishes to meet socially and politically aware women. Is politically left of centre, active in CAMRA, AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL; A loner, 55. Enjoys mainstream classical music, gardening, Gloucestershire/Worcestershire. Please write to Box (35) 700.

**WOMAN 39,** seeks her soul mate (male) to share talking, music, friends, hill walking, seeing other lands, and lifes adventures. Preferably Wales/West. Please write to Box (33) 650.

**SEEKING WARM INTUITIVE** young women (23-35) open to experience, affectionate, considerate, independent, physically aware, sensual, imaginative, for mutually fulfilling, exciting close friendship and sexual relationship (maybe more?) with John (very young 40's). London. Photo please. Write Box (34) 710.

**MIDWAY UPON THE JOURNEY** of our life I found myself within a forest dark..Now looking for a Beatrice to help me out. Box (35) 717.

**WOULD YOU LIKE TO MEET PEOPLE** with the same ideas & interests as yourself? 'Friendships' is an introductory agency specifically for people whose interests are in 'green' issues, ecology, new age understanding, meditation and similar subjects. For details, please send a stamp to: 'Friend- ships', Apperley Court, Apperley, Gloucester- shire, GL19 4DQ.

**AFFECTIONATE, HAPPY, INDEPENDENT,** left-wing, young mature woman, with varied interests, seeks affectionate unattached man, any race for stable relationship. Write to Box (35) 728.

**LIVELY, INTELLIGENT,** straight forward woman, 39, seeks man up to 50 years, with similar personality, to share interest in country walking, talking, listening to music. West. Yorks area. Please reply to Box (36) 738.

**TALL PROFESSIONAL BLACK MALE,** 29, S.E. London, interested in music, politics, and talking, seeks tallish, good looking professional female for long-term relationship. Please write to Box (36) 739.

**WEST INDIAN GENTLEMAN,** 44, successful, sociable and single seeks professional caring female with sense of humour charm and an interest in the Arts. Please write to Box (36) 740.

**MAN, 36,** academic, attractive, (Cambridge area), divorced, many interests, seeks intelligent woman, with sense of humour to become someone, special in his life. Photo appreciated. Please write to Box (36) 741.

**HAPPY CREATIVE, WOMAN,** 41, Londoner, wants to share the city with warm-hearted, humurous male who likes art, reading and walks. Please reply to Box (36) 742.

**WANTED - NOW,** attractive, caring, super-brainy 'NEW MAN', 36-ish, to supplant latest dead loss. England/anywhere. My photo for yours? Please write to Box (36) 743.

**MY IDEAL,** happy English lady, elementary school teacher, 24, Cancer, non-smoker, health conscious, trim dark hair, no children (yet). I am an American man, 31, tall/trim. Desire to live in England. Please write to Box (36) 744.

**LIVELY, ATTRACTIVE WOMAN,** 30s, interests include films, eating out, sports, seeks mature, non-sexist, socialist man for warm loving relationship and fun. London. Please reply to Box (36) 745.

**PROFESSIONAL WOMAN,** youthful 50, graduate, non-smoker, aspiring writer, lover of music and inner silence seeks sensitive male companion, 45-55 for long talks, long walks, maybe a permanent relationship. Oxford area. Please write to Box (36) 746.




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# ENDGAMES

## WEEKEND COMPETITION

**No 3093 Set by Russell Lucas**
War poetry has been much celebrated. We'd like similarly inspiring examples of more private violence: muggers', vandals', football hooligans' or even kerb crawlers' poetry.

**No 3090 Set by E O Parrott**
New happy endings to be tacked onto modern plays like *Waiting for Godot, Look Back in Anger, The Caretaker* or any play of your choice.

**Report by Ms de Meaner**
First of all I have to report that you really *liked* this one, judging by the numbers who entered. *Waiting for Godot* was definitely your favourite, but R J Pickles's NHE had the edge since he managed in two words to encapsulate what ten of you needed 200 to get across. (Yes, most had the same idea.) A few imaginative souls—and I charitably include A Bramson who perversely had Vladimir and Estragon hang themselves—struck out on their own, but none was, frankly, up to scratch.

Some of the more fanciful endings to other plays also had to be jettisoned, although it cost me a pang or two: Will Bellenger's *The Caretaker* and an unsigned *Rhinoceros* where Robert Maxwell and a Fairy Godthatcher respectively made two rather strained appearances, being cases in point. These are clearly entries for some future competition—and to which I have drawn Tiny Tim's attention. So keep them on file, you two.

A tenner to the winners—and don't spend it all at once!

ONE FOR THE ROAD
by Harold Pinter

[*Telephone rings. Interrogant picks up receiver and listens for several seconds.*]

INTERROGANT:... What do you mean, we've been torturing the wrong chap?... The Head says we've got to let him go?... And his family? All been some terrible mistake?... Yes. Goodbye.
[*Interrogant replaces receiver and slowly looks up at Interrogatee.*]
... Well. I'm frightfully sorry old boy, but it seems that someone here has made some awful cock-up. Bureaucratic bungle. You're not the right John Smith after all... Never mind, eh. All's well that ends well, that's what I say. Oh, and don't worry too much about that tongue of yours. Surgeons are marvellous nowadays. We'll book you into some private hospital and they'll have you talking in no time—I expect. And I'm sure your wife will soon get over her unpleasant little experience. You might even get a bit of government compensation... And I'm sure you'll all be laughing about it when you get back home. Ha ha ha. No hard feelings, I hope. Here, have a drink. Oh no, of course not. Anyway. Cheers.

**Simon Herbertson**

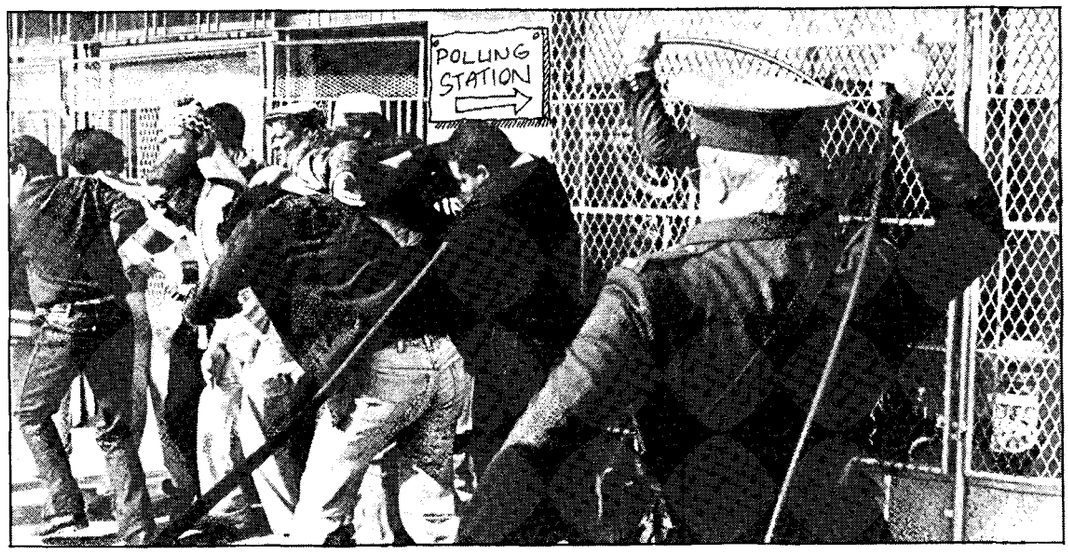
LOOK BACK IN ANGER
by John Osborne

[*The Porter kitchen: Alison is singing at the ironing board.*]

ALISON: Do you remember the bad days when a poor little squirrel couldn't sing at her work in case a big bear was angry and growled and growled. [*Smiles at Jimmy who sits quietly*] It isn't like that now, is it, my dearest? Bears and squirrels must hold each other tight.
[*Bell rings. She lets in Helena.*]
HELENA: I came as soon as I heard. What was it?
ALISON: A brain tumour. Do you realise that all the time he was saying those cruel things he didn't really mean them. He was ill.
HELENA: Couldn't they do anything?
ALISON: The operation went wrong. They say he's just a human vegetable, but I *know* deep down inside he feels how much I love him.
HELENA: You're so good, Alison. And I came to bring you a present. [*Flings off her coat—she is pregnant*] Yes, it's Jimmy's. But it's yours, too, Alison. I could never give it the love that you could.
ALISON: [*radiant*]: Now I shall have two babies to look after.
HELENA: And I can start that job in rep in September.

**June F Langfield**

## GRAFFITI BY PAIGE



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THE CARETAKER
by Harold Pinter

ASTON: It's finished.
DAVIES: Eh?
ASTON: The shed.
DAVIES: In the garden?
ASTON: Yes.
DAVIES: [*producing knife*]: Time to prepare, then.
ASTON: What for?
DAVIES: To frighten off blokes like him coming up the steps.
[*Knock. The men freeze.*]
ASTON: Better open it.
DAVIES: Go on, then!
[*Aston opens the door. Caller enters. Davies gestures with knife.*]
DAVIES: Who're you?
[*The man, alarmed, produces business card.*]
DAVIES: [*handing to Aston*]: What's it say?
ASTON: W C Flatwell. Estate Agent. 156—
DAVIES: That's enough. Who sent you?
FLATWELL: Mick and his brother. They want a valuation of the property.
[*Brooding silence.*]
DAVIES: Alright then.. valuate!
FLATWELL: It can't be done at the drop of a hat.
DAVIES: You ain't wearing a hat.
FLATWELL: It's a figure of speech. Nothing to do with hats.
[*Produces pencil/pad. Looks around sourly.*]
ASTON: Don't forget the garden shed.
FLATWELL: The garden shed? Not fully sandpapered, surely?
ASTON: Every square inch of it!
FLATWELL: A fully sandpapered garden shed! It could put thousands on the price!
DAVIES: Will we get a drink out of it?
FLATWELL: Enough to get you to Sidcup, that's for sure!

**Chas F Garvey**

EQUUS by Peter Shaffer

[*His monologue finished. Dysart sits motionless, staring at the audience. Inspector Macintosh steps into the circle.*]
MACINTOSH: Excuse me, Sir. Are you Dr Martin Dysart?
DYSART: Yes.
MACINTOSH: Dr Martin Dysart of the County Psychiatric Hospital?
DYSART: Yes, yes.
MACINTOSH: It's about this horse-blinding business, Sir. We've got the man.
DYSART: But it was the boy. He's told me everything.
MACINTOSH: Been pulling your leg I should say, Sir. The circumstantial evidence is pretty conclusive. Our man's a traveller who bore a grudge after being caught pinching feed. The horse's blood group matches stains on the accused's apparel.
DYSART: Alan, why?
ALAN: [*outside the circle*]: I had to say that to protect the girl. She was the only one who had a key to the stables.
MACINTOSH: If you ask me, Sir, the boy's a hero.
DYSART: He certainly is. And he's taught me a few things about living. I'm going to chuck all this in and do what I always wanted to, digging up the Greek remains.
MRS DYSART: [*outside the circle*]: Oh yes, Martin. I'll give up dentistry and we can start again.
DYSART: What about you, Alan?
ALAN: I'm going to... that is...
DYSART: Yes?
ALAN: That is, we—Jill and I, together—are going to train to be inspectors for the RSPCA.

**Noel Petty**

THE DEVILS by John Whiting

[*Mannoury and Adam are discussing Urbain Grandier's recent execution by burning.*]
MANNOURY: Well, that's the end of him.
ADAM: Yes. Pity though. Not a bad fellow considering he was a priest. Quite broad-minded.
MANNOURY: Perhaps.
[*There is a knock and the door swings open. Grandier enters.*]
ADAM: My God! He's back! He's haunting us already and the fire's barely out.
GRANDIER: Don't worry. I'm quite alive and well.
MANNOURY: Impossible. I saw you burning like a candle.
GRANDIER: I think there was divine intervention. After all, my work wasn't finished.
ADAM: Not finished. What do you mean?
GRANDIER: I've decided to marry Sister Jeanne.
MANNOURY: You must be mad.
GRANDIER: No. Magnanimous.
ADAM: What will the Pope say?
GRANDIER: I couldn't give a fig what the Pope says.
ADAM: Well the fire hasn't ruined your sense of humour, Grandier.
GRANDIER: Why should it?—Now Mannoury, how would you like to be best man at my wedding?

**Sid Field**

WAITING FOR GODOT
by Samuel Beckett

[*Godot arrives.*]

**R J Pickles**

# CHESS

It is not easy to keep pace with Michael Adams. Come out with a prediction and he is liable to turn it into history. On 1 July I opined that he was "on his way to becoming a Grandmaster". But before the ink had dried he notched up the final norm required, by winning the Icklicki Masters. That result made him, at 17, the world's youngest GM. Only Fischer and Kasparov have ever attained the title earlier.

There was still more to come. At the Guild Hall in Plymouth there were 78 players competing in the 1989 British Championship, and at the end of 11 rounds, the leading finishers were: 1. Michael Adams 8½; 2-4. Daniel King, Jonathan Mestel, and David Norwood 8; 5-8. Keith Arkell, John Emms, Mark Hebden, and Julian Hodgson 7½; 9-14. Dibyendu Barua, Murray Chandler, Stuart Conquest, James Howell, Jonathan Levitt, and Jim Plaskett 7.

I have given the results down to seven points out of 11 because seven is a significant score in our national championship. It usually takes 8½—or plus six, that is six more wins than losses—to win the title. A score of seven puts a player in the zone of contention, the area in which he can say "If only I had played that move, I might have been the champion", without his words being drowned in hoots of derision. This year one of these players lost the title just as surely as Adams won it. For Plaskett's seven points were compiled in his uniquely dramatic style—seven wins and four losses, with two of those losses in the last two rounds. When Plaskett and Adams met in the penultimate round Plaskett had already registered seven wins, while Michael had accumulated four wins and five draws. So Plaskett was half a point ahead. He only needed a draw to stay in the lead. Unfortunately for Jim, he has the glorious, yet grievous, distinction of being the only GM in the world who does not know how to make a draw.

**Plaskett—Adams, Plymouth 1989. Hedgehog System.**
**1 Nf3 Nf6 2 d4 e6 3 g3 b6 4 Bg2 Bb7 5 0-0 c5 6 c4 cxd4 7 Qxd4 Be7 8 Nc3 d6 9 Rd1 a6 10 e4 Nbd7 11 Qe3 Qc7 12 b3 0-0 13 Bb2 Rac8 14 Nd4 Rfe8** A standard position in tournament practice, with the usual hedgehog characteristics. White owns more space, but Black is flexible and poised for counter-attack. **15 Rac1 Bf8 16 h3 Qb8 17 Re1 g6 18 Rcd1 Bg7 19 f4 e5!** A timely blow that secures an outpost on e5. **20 fxe5 Nxe5 21 Rf1 Bc6** Here a simple and logical line for White is 22 Nxc6 followed by Qf2 and Nd5. Plaskett prefers something more complex, but weakens his Q-side. **22 a4? Ba8 23 Rf2 Nfd7 24 Rdf1 Nc5 25 Rd1 Nxb3!** This little combination is absolutely decisive. But what was Plaskett thinking about while he shuffled his Rook from d1 to f1 and back again? **26 Nxb3 Nxc4 27 Qf3 Nxb2 28 Qxf7+ Kh8 29 Rxb2 Rc7 30 Qf2 Rxc3 31 Nd2 Rf8 32 Qe1 Bd4+ 33 Kh1 Re3 34 Qg1 Rd3 0-1**

As Adams still had to face the stiff test of winning against Chandler in the last round, it might be something of an exaggeration to describe that as the decisive game of the championship. But Plaskett is undoubtedly left to carry painful thoughts of "if only...". I would say that if only he stopped trying to score 11-0 something like 9-2 is well within his ability.

Of those who tied for second place, David Norwood had most reason to be pleased with his result, as it completed his qualification for the grandmaster title. Daniel King may well be the strongest English GM that the selectors aren't going to pick for the Olympiad team. These days Jonathan Mestel, the 1988 champion, stands out as a solitary GM exponent of the amateur tradition. A certain rustiness was to be expected in his early games. By the end of the tournament he was firing on all cylinders, as shown by this savage brevity from the final round:
**Mestel—Beaumont. Plymouth 1989. Pirc Defence.**
**1 e4 d6 2 d4 Nf6 3 Nc3 g6 4 f4 Bg7 5 Nf3 c5 6 Bb5+ Nc6?!** If this had been tried against someone else, it might have been classified as "an interesting experiment". After Mestel's demolition, however, it is unlikely to be repeated. 6... Bd7 is normal. **7 dxc5 Qa5 8 0-0 0-0 9 Qe1** Mestel is not anxious to be shown any pre-game analysis on 9 cxd6 Nxe4 lines. **Nd7 10 a4 a6 11 Bxc6 Qxc5+ 12 Be3 Qxc6 13 Nd5 Re8 14 Nd4!** This is the sting. Black is forced to give up his valuable KB, with dire consequences. **Bxd4 15 Bxd4 Qxc2 16 f5 b6 17 Qh4 f6 18 fxg6 hxg6 19 Rxf6! exf6 20 Nxf6+ Nxf6 21 Qxf6 1-0** There are various ways to win after 21... Ra7. For example, 22 Qxg6+ Kf8 23 Rf1+ Ke7 24 Rf7+ Kd8 25 Qxd6+ Bd7 26 Qb8+ followed by 29 Bxb6+ has a certain gruesome charm.

I don't think there is much chance of Michael Adams becoming world champion before 1996 at the earliest. By then he might be ready. Of course, that is a case in which I would be very happy to acknowledge that I had underestimated his rate of progress. In the meantime, Jon Speelman is still in contention for the role of Kasparov's challenger in 1990. Thanks to sponsorship from Pilkington Glass, both the Karpov-Yusupov and Speelman-Timman world championship semi-final matches will be played in London next month, at Sadler's Wells from 2 to 22 October. Tickets at £6 for a day's playing session (4pm-10pm) are available from Sadler's Wells ticket office (01-278 8916 for telephone bookings).

*George Botterill*

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The solution to 150 was published in last week's issue.



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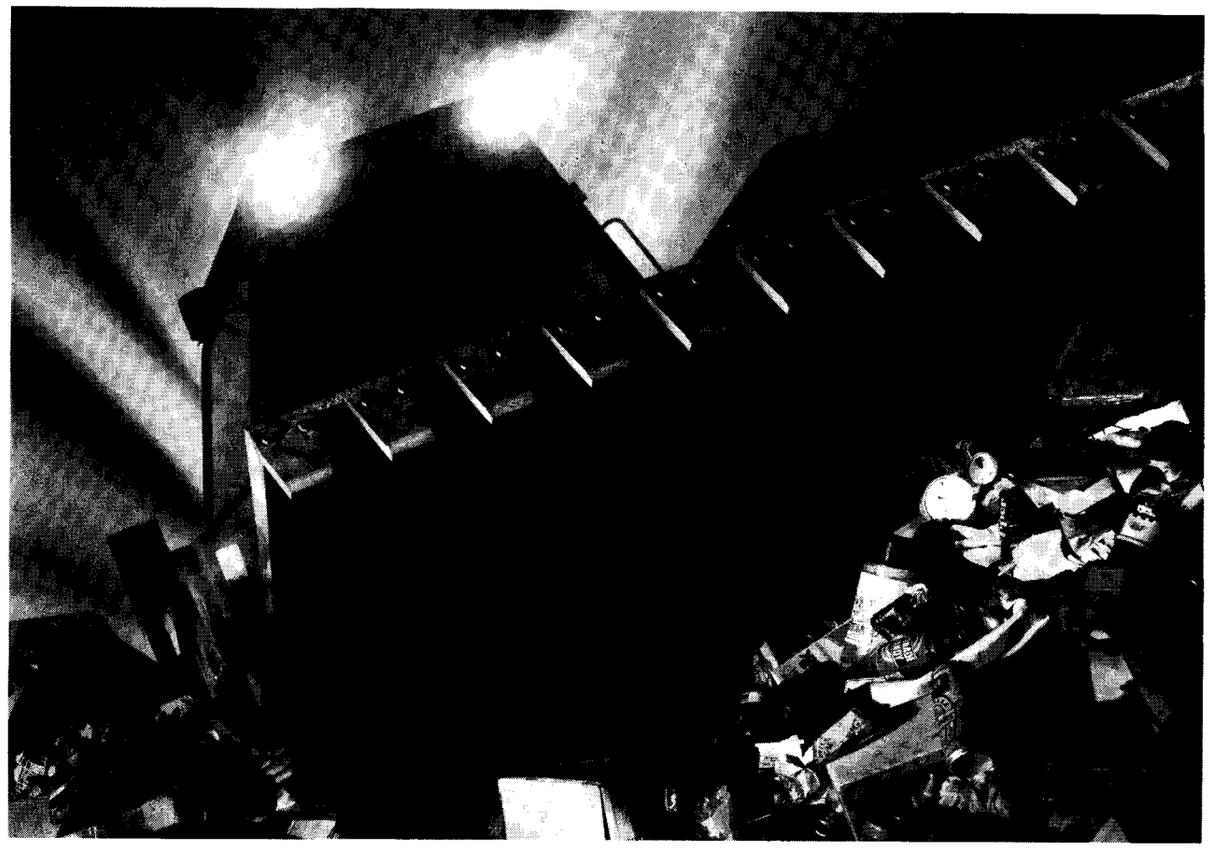
# From September 8th The Guardian will talk rubbish. Seriously.



Most newspapers have made an issue out of the environment. The Guardian will be the first to print one.

On Friday September 8th we launch the first issue of a regular weekly second section entitled Environment Guardian. It'll have its own editor, Melanie Phillips, and concern itself with everything from deforestation in Brazil to rat infestation in Birmingham.

It'll get inside the important stories of the day, not just report them. Unfit food, pollution, public health, town planning, the Green Party, agriculture, science – Environment Guardian will look at them all. True, we've been concerned with these things for years. (Long before the rest of the band jumped on the wagon.)

But it was time, we thought, to bring it all neatly together in its own specially-edited section.

If only it was as easy to tidy up the environment.

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